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The Daily Mirror

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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1916

16 PAGES

One Halfpenny.

CURTAIN DRAWN OVER A DUG-OUT AS A PROTECTION AGAINST GAS ATTACKS.

g. 1194 J.



Going down into his dug-out, which forms a safe retreat during a bombardment. The curtain is drawn over it when a gas attack is made.—(French War Office photograph.)

OFFICERS IN A MOTOR SMASH

P 1852 g.



Lieutenant-Colonel Hopkins.

P 1852 g.



Lieutenant Hopkins.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick H. Hopkins, of the Canadian Army, was killed and his brother, Second Lieutenant R. H. Hopkins, seriously injured in a motor-car smash near Worthing.—(Elliott and Fry.)

FIGHTING IN THE PERSIAN GULF: INDIAN MOUNTAIN BATTERY IN ACTION.

g. 1194 J.



While the first shot is fired the defences are made stronger. In Mesopotamia the whole country is now deep in mud.

WOMEN AWAITING THEIR DAILY DOLE OF BREAD IN A POLISH VILLAGE.



As the village is occupied by the enemy, the portions are presumably not very large. The Huns are not likely to treat the Poles better than their own people.

FROM BASE TO TRENCHES.



The whole of the French battle front is now supplied with light railways, with the tracks laid in well-screened positions.

D.C.M.s RECEIVE COMMISSIONS.



Sergeant A. J. Cunningham (London Irish Rifles). He displayed great gallantry at Loos.



Company Sergeant-Major Crouch, of Gateshead. He is in the Durham Light Infantry.



Company Sergeant-Major W. S. Ridley. He also belongs to the Durham Light Infantry.

IN RESTFUL SURROUNDINGS.



These convalescent soldiers are seen in the beautiful gardens of the Government's Zoological Department at Cairo basking in the January sunshine. They are given free entry.

THE NORTH STAFFS' MASCOT.



Leo, the mascot of the 2/8th North Staffordshire Regiment. Each battalion now possesses one of these splendid dogs, which accompanies them on all occasions. They have a recognised place on parade.

ELECTRIC TRAINS FOR THE SUBURBS.



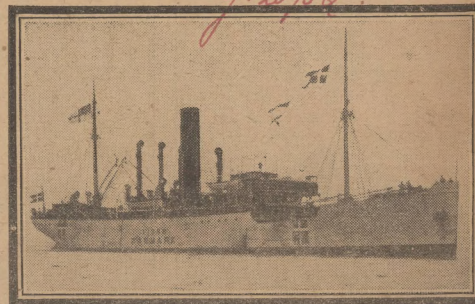
The London and South-Western Railway's new electric suburban service was largely patronised yesterday. The photograph shows the arrival of a train at Malden.

THE FOREWOMAN.



Miss E. Grant-Suttie, the golf champion, who is now forewoman at a large munitions factory. She has 1,000 women under her supervision.

SUBMARINE CAPTURES A STEAMER.



The Danish steamer Vidar, which was seized yesterday by a boat off Elsinore. She is the vessel which brought the E 13 heroes to Hull.

ENDS IN RIOT.

New Series of Quaker Lectures Makes a Bad Start.

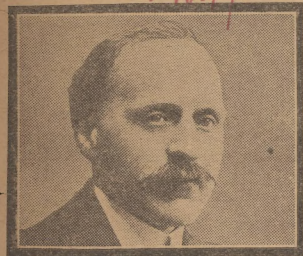
"INTERN ALL THE HUNS."

The announcement that Mr. Edward Grubb was to deliver a lecture on "Overcoming Evil with Good" brought to the Friends' Meeting House, Bishopsgate, yesterday what many may have considered a disproportionate number of people.

It was sought to begin a fresh series of peace lectures. Mr. Grubb was there, but the lecture was not delivered. In its place the audience listened to an address by Mr. Cecil Chesterton on the subject of Mr. E. D. Morel.

Some time before the advertised hour the hall was packed. At about ten minutes past one Mr. Lindsey Johnson rose and put the following resolution:—

"That we shall make no terms whatever until the Prussian military system is irrevocably



Mr. Charles Frederick Mitchell, for twenty-five years headmaster of the Technical Day School of the Regent-street Polytechnic, who has just died.

smashed, and that all Germans must be interned—naturalised or otherwise."

The resolution was seconded by Mr. T. W. Hayes, and carried with only two dissentients. At this point Mr. Cecil Chesterton entered the room.

The chairman (Mr. Henry Harris) rose to speak. He was greeted with loud cries of "Sit down!" and shouts of "Chesterton."

Mr. Grubb and Mr. Chesterton rose at the same time. The uproar at once became so deafening that not a single word could be heard.

At length Mr. Grubb reluctantly resumed his seat. Mr. Chesterton at once commenced to speak.

"Last week," he said, "Mr. Buxton was asked whether he was associated with a man known as E. D. Morel."

"WHERE ARE WE?"

"I have made certain definite accusations against the man calling himself 'Morel.'"

"Both Mr. Morel and I," Mr. Chesterton concluded, "ought not to be at large in this country. Either he ought to be in prison, or I ought to be."

Mr. Grubb again attempted to speak. "Be not overcome of evil," he cried.

"That is a glorious text," shouted Mr. Hayes. "The evil in this world is coming to us from Germany. We must fight it down."

The chairman at length declared the meeting closed. There was a renewed storm of cheering and booing. "Rule, Britannia," was sung, then the National Anthem—and the audience dispersed.

When the proceedings terminated with the singing of the National Anthem Mr. Grundy protested that there were disloyal people in the hall who remained seated and kept their hats on during the singing of "God Save the King."

A woman was thereupon heard to excitedly exclaim: "I would prefer being married to a German than to an Englishman."

WHO IS SHE?

The body of an unknown woman, who was knocked down and killed by a motor-car on Thursday evening in Bayswater-road, was the subject of an inquest yesterday at Paddington.

Captain Douglas Eldson, of the Northamptonshire Regiment, who was driving the car, said the lighting in the road had been very much reduced. He was only travelling at the rate of about six miles an hour. He saw no one, but suddenly heard a scream.

The official description of the deceased is as follows:—Age about forty-five; height, 5ft. 2in.; fresh complexion; hair brown, eyes blue; dressed in a black skirt and bodice.

The jury returned a verdict of Accidental Death.

GERMAN WOUNDED IN TRAIN SMASH.

COPENHAGEN, Jan. 31.—A message from Berlin says that near Caelum an express collided with a hospital train.

Forty-seven wounded were fearfully mangled. The one passenger in the express train was severely injured.—Exchange.

Programmes for Our
Jan. 31, 1915, on page 7.

London's Fine Response to the Lord Mayor's Appeal.

QUICK-CHANGE SOLDIERS.

The Lord Mayor's three weeks' recruiting rally of the men of the City of London ended yesterday, and it has been a great success, so Sir Charles Wakefield told *The Daily Mirror*.

For over three weeks there has been a steady flow of City recruits, including not a few well-known merchant princes, to the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor placed every room except his own bedroom at the disposal of the special recruiting staff.

Many hundreds have been attested under the Derby group system, and very considerable numbers have enlisted direct.

A feature of the great rally, and one very greatly appreciated by busy City men, was the speed with which recruits were dealt with.

A perfect system had been organised by Captain Ross, the chief recruiting officer, and the medical officers, with the result that the average time it has taken for a man to become a fully fledged soldier of the King at the Mansion House has not exceeded twenty minutes.

The record, however, stands at much less than this—only nine minutes!

"I am extremely pleased with the results attained," the Lord Mayor told *The Daily Mirror*.

They have exceeded all my expectations. Hundreds of men of the historic old City have answered my appeal, and I have been particularly delighted and gratified to see such a large percentage of the younger men coming forward."

"KEEP SMILING" CLUB.

"Chairlady" and the Tiny Guests Who Took a Hint.

The "Keep Smiling" Club was inaugurated yesterday.

This club is a cheery little institution off Drury-lane, where the wives and mothers of our fighting men forget for recreation and talk. The building in which it is housed is situated between a coachshop and an old-clothes establishment and was once a stable. Now it is the prettiest white-walled, yellow-cushioned club imaginable.

The "chairlady" as it is there the correct title to call her was a great success.

Undue hilarity during the little talk Mrs. Despard gave on women and the war was stoutly checked. Cries of "But, darling, it's your friend Jennie ye'd shut up" were sternly ignored.

The only ones who disregarded the "chairlady's" "Order, order" and frowns were the guests.

But since the ages of the guests ranged from three weeks to eighty-one, and one was the "chairlady's" own offspring, she decided that the ready ushers should not eject them.

She merely pointed out to them the presence of a burly blue-clad policeman at the end of the hall. The hint was taken.

IRELAND'S FIGHTING ARMY.

Lord Wimborne's report to Lord Kitchener on Irish recruiting, issued last night as a White-paper, states that 145,869 men had been contributed by Ireland to the Army and Navy up to October last.

Between August, 1914, and October 9, 1915, 75,293 men enlisted in the Army.

After Lord Wimborne's appeal last autumn 7,444 recruits were enlisted in seven weeks. "It would be surprising," he says, "if the number of men now available for enlistment exceeded 100,000."

"REFUSE TO OPEN" STRIKE.

PARIS, Jan. 31.—Marseilles to-day is seeing a novel strike.

Alle bars and cafes, which are numerous in the southern port, are closed as a protest against the decision of the military authorities regulating the hours when drink can be served.

One bar which refused to close was destroyed by rioters.—Exchange.



British soldiers water their horses from an emergency trough in France. The water is pumped up from a small stream.

How London Got the Twilight Before the Afternoon Began.

"GHOST SHIPS" OF THE RIVER

London yesterday was shrouded in a sombre pall of fog that made it for the greater part of the day a city of gloomy twilight.

It was not a fog of the old-fashioned pea-soup variety. Not a sulphurous spluttering mist to hide one side of the street from the other, but a depressing cloud of ugly smoke that seemed to remain stationary overhead to take the high spirits out of the youngest office-boy and the most frivolous "happer-cleek."

Only over the river was there any mist low down, and there it gave a most picturesque effect to the passing traffic.

Tugboats loomed up out of the fog and passed again into it like ghost ships.

In City offices and shops artificial light was burning all day, and in the Strand shops made a brave and dazzling display.

The pall of gloom extended all over the London area. Early workers from the southern suburbs travelled to the City under a sort of evening sky.

Between one and two o'clock in the afternoon the fog grew suddenly denser over South Kensington.

MYSTERY OF GALLIOLI.

Court Mention of the Sandringham Men Who Vanished in a Wood.

There was mention of the Sandringham men who vanished from sight and sound at Gallipoli during the hearing of an application before Mr. Justice Baggallay Deane in the Divorce Court yesterday.

The case was one in which the Judge granted an application for leave to serve a petition to vary the marriage settlement by substituted service on the respondent, Colonel Sir Horace George Proctor-Beauchamp.

Mr. Bayford said the petitioner's decree was made absolute in August, 1915, when Sir Horace was at the Dardanelles.

According to the dispatch of Sir Ian Hamilton Sir Horace was with the contingent raised on his Majesty's Sandringham estates which disappeared in a wood and were never seen again.

It was now supposed that Sir Horace, with other missing officers and men, were prisoners in the hands of the Turks.

The Judge: Supposing he is dead?

Mr. J. Harvey Murphy, for the petitioner, said he consented to the application.

The Judge thought it unlikely that all the missing men were killed, and allowed service to be made through Sir Horace's solicitor.

LOT OF THE INVENTOR.

How he saw the first aeroplane in the world being built in a back street in Dayton, Ohio, by the Wright Bros., was told by Mr. Herbert N. Casson, speaking yesterday at a meeting of the National Efficiency League in London.

One of the Wright Bros. told him how he came to London with a priceless little model in a box. He went to the War Office and the Admiralty, but was practically kicked out. They would not believe his statements, and looked upon his model, which was to conquer another element, as worthless.

He walked the streets of London without meeting anyone who would take the hint up, and then went to Paris, where he met with better success.

SLINGSBY SUIT (CONTINUED).

When the third week's hearing of the Slingsby legitimacy suit was entered upon yesterday in the Court of Appeal, Sir E. Carson, K.C., leading counsel for the appellants, was sufficiently recovered from his recent indisposition to be present.

Mr. Schuller, K.C., for the respondents, proceeded with the reading of the evidence of Mrs. Slingsby, and Sir Edward Carson summed up the appellants' case.

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THE MOST BEING NO HALF-MEASURES."

Sir G. Pragnell's Fighting Speech at Business Men's Meeting.

"COMMERCE MINISTRY."

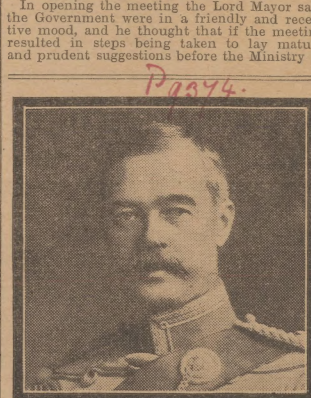
"We want to let the world know that above everything we place the smashing of Germany as a military power, as a maritime power, and as commercial power. (Cheers.) There must be no half-measures either in the prosecution of the war or in the terms of peace." (Cheers.)

Such was a statement made by Sir George Pragnell in the course of a fighting speech at a notable City meeting at the Guildhall yesterday.

The meeting had been convened by the Lord Mayor (Sir C. C. Wakefield) at the request of influential representatives of trade, commerce and finance in all parts of the country, to consider the problems of trade and commerce, which will arise after the war.

The building was filled to its utmost capacity. Its representative character can be judged from the fact that there were seven lord mayors and provosts present, seventy mayors, representatives of fifty-one Chambers of Commerce, of eighty-one trade and industrial associations, eleven high commissioners and agents-general, sixty-five members of the City Corporation, representatives of ten banks and seven of the Port of London, in addition to representatives of trading, commercial and industrial life.

In opening the meeting the Lord Mayor said the Government were in a friendly and receptive mood, and he thought that the meeting resulted in steps being taken to lay mature and prudent suggestions before the Ministry in



Brigadier-General G. B. Hodson, C.B., D.S.O., who has died of his wounds at Malta. He was a son of the late Colonel Benjamin Hodson. (Elliott and Fry.)

order to strengthen their hands it would have answered a very useful purpose and served a patriotic end. (Cheers.)

The Lord Mayor moved the first resolution of loyalty to the Throne and to our Allies and confidence in final victory.

In seconding this resolution Sir George Pragnell insisted that education was the root of all future progress for this country. "Our technical and commercial education," he said, "must be entirely remodelled (hear, hear)—if the English race is to hold its position in the future."

"We business men must insist that this point is driven home at once and hammered at until, like a wedge, it reached from the Board Schools to the Universities. (Cheers.)"

"Our Consular service should consist of the best educated and most practical business men we could possibly turn out. (Cheers.)"

Sir Algernon F. Firth (president of the Association of Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom) moved a resolution recommending the establishment of a Ministry of Commerce to carry out a constructive commercial policy for this country.

Lord Desborough moved a resolution urging co-operation in commercial relations with our Dominions and Allies, and it was decided to appoint a deputation to bring the resolutions before the Prime Minister.

£5,000 JEWEL ROBBERY.

A daring City jewel robbery which was carried out on the premises of Messrs. Bowman, Ltd., jewellers and watchmakers, in the Goswell-road on Saturday was being investigated yesterday by the police.

Thieves forced an entrance by cutting the front-door padlocks. Later a policeman saw empty jewel-cases in the window, and it was found that goods valued at over £5,000 had been stolen.

For some time past complaints have been received from City jewellers notifying the presence of "lightning" thieves in the City.

A reward of £500 is offered for information which will lead to arrest and conviction.

M.P.s WELCOME MR. ANDREW FISHER.

Mr. Andrew Fisher, the new High Commissioner for Australia, will be the principal guest at a luncheon to be given at the House of Commons to-day, at which Mr. Arthur Balfour will preside.

RAID BY 6 OR 7 ZEPPELINS ON ENGLAND LAST NIGHT

Eastern, North-Eastern and
Midland Counties
Attacked.

BOMBS DROPPED.

No Considerable Damage So Far
Reported.

PARIS AND REPRISALS.

ZEPPELINS COME AGAIN.

Zepplins last night paid another visit to this country, no fewer than six or seven making a raid on the Eastern, North-Eastern, and Midland counties. A number of bombs were dropped, but, so far, no considerable damage has been reported.

FRANCE WANTS REPRISALS.

The French Press is unanimous in demanding reprisals for the Air Corps' raid on their capital on the nights of Saturday and Sunday.

Ten bombs were dropped in Sunday night's raid, but all fell in fields or waste ground in a Paris suburb. No damage was caused, nor were there any casualties. The casualties in the first raid were twenty-five killed and thirty-two wounded.

FIGHTING SLACKENS.

The heavy German offensive of the last few days on the Franco-British line has slackened—presumably on account of the misty weather.

Undoubtedly the most important result has been in the neighbourhood of Frise. However, there is little doubt that when the mists lift French and British will be found ready to cope with any attempted advance.

GASBAG'S RAID THAT WAS "ONLY RIDICULOUS."

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Jan. 31.—An official communiqué issued here states:—

A Zeppelin attempted once more yesterday a raid on Paris.

But if the raid of the day before yesterday, which caused twenty-five victims and thirty-two wounded, was an odious performance, yesterday's attempt was only ridiculous.

Ten bombs were dropped without any result, and the Zeppelin, fired on by our anti-aircraft guns, was forced to return hurriedly to the German lines.—Wireless Press.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Jan. 31.—German Main Headquarters reports:—

As reprisal for the dropping of bombs by French aeroplanes on the open town of Frieburg, which is outside the field of operations, our airships during the past two nights have attacked the fortified town of Paris with satisfactory results.—Wireless Press.

BOMB WEIGHS 2CWT.

PARIS, Jan. 31.—Incendiary bombs dropped by the Zeppelin in the northern suburbs of Paris last night did some material damage.

Some persons declared they saw two Zeppelins.

Bombs were dropped in seven suburban communes; some of them did not burst, and were subsequently taken to the municipal laboratory. One weighed just over 2cwt. and two more over 1cwt. All were charged with the explosive trinitrotoluene.—Reuter.

BOMBS IN A FIELD.

PARIS, Jan. 31.—Everything was in the Zeppelins' favour for their second raid last night.

There was a dark mist over the city, and fog banks at a low altitude.

As the streets were darkened after the warning that Zeppelins were on the way, the people thronged the boulevards until tens of thousands were out.

The bombs all fell harmlessly, some in a field, and the authorities picked several up. The raid was a big failure.

NO CHIMES AT NIGHT.

The London police were advised yesterday by the War Office and Admiralty that during the war the use of the chiming and the striking of public clocks should be discontinued between sunset and sunrise.

PRESS BUREAU, Feb. 1, 1.40 a.m.

The following announcement has been received from the War Office:—

A Zeppelin raid by six or seven airships took place last night on the Eastern, North-Eastern and Midland Counties.

A number of bombs were dropped, but up to the present no considerable damage has been reported.

A further statement will be issued as soon as possible.

"CARRY AIR WAR BEYOND THE RHINE."

Paris Demands Reprisals at Once as
the Best Reply to Huns.

PARIS, Jan. 31.—The newspapers are unanimous in declaring that reprisals are the wish of Paris and all France, and that if they are not made immediately France will not understand why.

The *Journal* says: "It is neither by speeches nor by appeals to confidence nor by a programme that Paris can be defended. It is by airmen, aeroplanes and guns."

The *Figaro* says: "Either we shall resign ourselves to undergoing more and more frequently the insult of the Zeppelins or we shall decide to carry beyond the Rhine all the horrors of aerial war."

"At the present hour, when the enemy has violated all rules, all scruples would be but cowardly methods of holding our throats to the gladiator."—Reuter.

RAID KRUPPS.

PARIS, Jan. 31.—The *Humanite* says of the Zeppelin raids:—

"The authors of these misdeeds must be paid out, and their responsibility must be brought home to them."

"We must go out and destroy not the innocent inhabitants of towns, but the centres of war work."

Writing in the *Victoire*, M. Hervé says: "Reprisals? Yes, but intelligent reprisals; those which strike a blow at the enemy's works and the establishments of Krupp's at Essen, for example."

"There must be no stupid reprisals which would massacre in their cradles the innocent babies because they happen to be born on the other side of the Rhine."—Exchange.

CHEERS FOR THE BUTCHER

PARIS, Jan. 31.—A Berlin message states that large crowds assembled outside Count Zeppelin's residence last night, but learnt, with disappointment, that the Count was absent at the front.

Wild enthusiasm prevailed in the streets until a late hour.—Exchange.

EXPLOSIVE BULLETS IN FIGHT WITH RAIDER.

PARIS, Jan. 31.—The *Matin* publishes an account of Saturday's pursuit of the Zeppelin by two gun aeroplanes and three machines built for pursuit.

"Two of the chasers and one gun aeroplane succeeded in making a fight of it. One of the machines, piloted by a quartermaster, gave chase to the Zeppelin with savage energy and exhausted against it his supply of incendiary cartridges, and it was only when he had no more ammunition that the quartermaster gave up the chase."

One of the two gun aeroplanes succeeded in reaching the height of the Zeppelin and opened an intense fire on her.

It is probable that a shell hit the mark, but the damage was not sufficient to harm the monster.

FOE DISLODGED ON FRONT OF 35 MILES.

Russians' Successful Two Weeks'
Offensive Against Turks.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Jan. 31.—To-day's official communiqué says:—

Western Front.—The enemy facilitated our trenches near Ogger with expanding bullets.

In Galicia, on the Middle Strypa, our scouts surrounded a detachment of Austrian Gardes Champêtres.

A DASHING FRONT.

Caucasian Front.—The operations extending over a fortnight on the Turkish front have justified our expectations.

After developing their first blow at the centre of the Ottoman Army into a great success the troops under General Yudenitch, pursuing the enemy, pushed on their advance guards to the outskirts of Erzerum.

At the same time these troops, by a dashing thrust against the Turkish right wing, forced the enemy to evacuate the region of Melazghert and Khnyss and to retreat to the Much Valley.

As the result of the whole operation we have dislodged the enemy from a region thirty-five miles long which had previously been organised by him.—Reuter.

MR. ROOSEVELT ATTACKS "COWARDLY POLICY."

America Declared Partly Responsible
for Germany's Criminal Deeds.

New York, Jan. 31.—Speaking last night at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, Mr. Roosevelt strongly denounced President Wilson's stand on what he termed a cowardly policy.

The Allies, he declared, had acted the good Samaritan in regard to Belgium, while the United States had acted as the Levite did.

Speaking of the Lusitania outrage, Mr. Roosevelt said:—

"It is announced we are to accept money for our murdered women and children and in return play the game of the murderers by acting in their interests against the Allies, who are trying to free Belgium, and that we are to serve as their tool against the nations which have behaved more righteously and valiantly."

"We have sat by while Germany murdered our women and children on the high seas and bombarded undefended towns, and our failure to protest and demand that Germany should square her performance with her promises makes us in part responsible for her criminal misdeeds."—Central News.

New York, Jan. 30.—Unless ample satisfaction for the Lusitania atrocity, without further evasion or deception, is definitely assured by Germany, according to the American demands, "within reasonable time," it is now generally expected that diplomatic relations between Berlin and Washington will be broken off.

Diplomatic circles at Washington believe that President Wilson will act soon after his return from his speaking tour, which will be on Friday.—Reuter.

REPEATED ATTACKS BY FRENCH.

Germans Claim They Continue to
Hold New Positions.

FOE REINFORCED.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

German Main Headquarters reported yesterday afternoon as follows:—

Our new trenches in the region of Neuville were held against repeated French attempts to take them.

The number of prisoners taken to the north-west of the village of La Folie has been increased to 316 men, and the booty taken has increased to eleven machine guns.

The French have made several surprise firing attacks against the positions captured by the Silesian troops to the south of the Somme on the 28th inst.

Fighting activity has somewhat decreased owing to misty weather.—Wireless Press.

FOE WORKS WRECKED.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Jan. 31.—To-night's French official communiqué says:—

In Belgium our heavy artillery directed an effective fire upon the enemy works at the Steenstraete Bridge. The abutment of the bridge on the eastern bank was damaged.

To the south of Roye our trench guns wrecked the German works in the district of Fresnières.

North of St. Mihiel our long-range guns bombarded the enemy entrenchments of Couffians, east of Etain, and of St. Maurice, under the northern slopes of Hattonchâteau.—Reuter.

PARIS, Jan. 31.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

To the north of Arras the enemy during the night made to the south-west of Hill 140 two grenade attacks, which failed.

In Champagne our artillery bombarded the German trenches to the north of Prosmes. In the course of this engagement explosions were observed at four different points along the enemy's front.

In Argonne there was mine fighting at the Haute Chevaneech. Upon the explosion of a German mine we replied by a mine drill which destroyed an enemy gallery.

There was an intermittent cannonade in the other sectors.—Exchange.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 30.—According to the *Echo Belge*, some ten thousand soldiers who arrived last week at Louvain have already left for the front.—Reuter.

NIGHT RAID BY BRITISH.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The following telegraphic dispatch has been received from British General Headquarters in France:—

Jan. 31, 10.6 p.m.—Last night a party entered the German trenches near the Kemmel-Wytschate road. These trenches were found to be full of men.

About forty casualties were inflicted on the enemy. Three prisoners were brought back and two of their machine guns were destroyed.

During the day there has been considerable artillery activity about Fricourt, to the north of Loos, and to the north of Wulverghem.

ENEMY'S GREAT LOSSES.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 31.—A frontier correspondent telegraphs that during the recent efforts by the Germans to cross the Yser, after a heavy artillery bombardment, several British monitors and torpedo-boats cruised along the Belgian coast and kept the Germans on the alert.

The German losses were enormous. The correspondent adds that the activity of the Allied airmen continues to be very marked.—Central News.

PARIS, Jan. 31.—M. Marcel Hutin, writing in the *Echo de Paris*, says that according to telegrams from German sources the French artillery on Saturday and Sunday kept up an intense bombardment to the east of Pont-a-Mousson.—Exchange.

TURK STORY UNTRUE.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary of State for India yesterday issued the following:—

The recent Turkish report that a British column, West of Kurra, was compelled to retreat with a loss of 100 dead, 100 camels and 100 tents is untrue.

The only incident to which it could refer was a reconnaissance near Shattri, which was attacked by hostile Arabs.

The reconnoitring force suffered few casualties and inflicted heavy loss on the enemy.

(TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 31.—The communiqué issued yesterday in Constantinople says:—

Dardanelles front.—On January 28 an enemy cruiser fired twenty shells in the neighbourhood of Sedd-ul-Bahr and the British.—Reuter.



The officers' mess in Egypt. There are no superfluous luxuries there.

A charming photograph
taken in a Lady's
dressing-room.

GET THE VEN-YUSA HABIT!

LITTLE touches of Ven-Yusa will accomplish wonders for the skin and complexion. The Ven-Yusa habit—indulged in three, four, or even six times a day—means little trouble, and takes up very little time; but what of the splendid results? A complexion with the bloom of the peach, a softening of those lines of care, a skin eloquent of Nature's purity, and hands white and soft and full of charm.

Good as Ven-Yusa is when first tried, it becomes twice as beneficent when "amalgamated" with the skin, so to speak, by regular use.

Ven-Yusa's oxygen character causes it to act in a novel way. It stimulates, it soothes and it beautifies the skin above and the tissues beneath. Accordingly, Ven-Yusa-given Beauty is lasting—not fleeting.

That is why Ven-Yusa is so different from and so superior to ordinary toilet preparations. Unlike them, Ven-Yusa is useful besides agreeable.

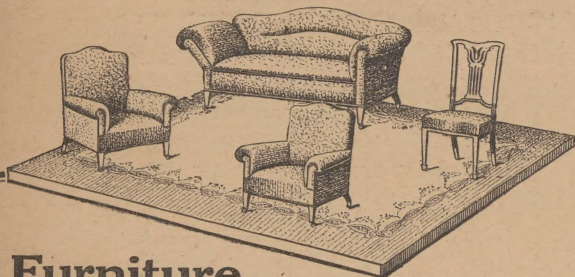
No lady with the smallest regard for her appearance will be without a dainty jar of Ven-Yusa on her dressing-table. To safeguard your complexion and to improve your skin, you must make the use of Ven-Yusa a daily habit.

1/- per jar, of Chemists, etc.

VEN-YUSA

The Oxygen Cream

Send your
name and address
and two penny stamps to
C. E. Fulford, Ltd., Leeds, for
a dainty trial jar of Ven-Yusa
to carry in your handbag. Mention
the "Daily Mirror," 1/2 16.



Furniture Worth Having

You can see at a glance that the quality is there! And the price plainly shows what a bargain it is! SMARTS' FAMOUS GUARANTEED FURNITURE is always on top for quality and economy.

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"Gone again! And only five minutes for the train!"

No doubt you have had the same annoying experience. It comes of accepting any boot laces that are offered you. Why not ask for, and see that you get,

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

the next time you are buying. These are made to withstand hard wear. Hundreds of the best mercerised threads are plaited together to make each lace. That gives them strength and wear-resisting qualities. A Paton Lace will wear at least six months.

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If you would do everything in your power to make him happy and comfortable, keep him fit and well, ensure his being free from body parasites and protect him as far as possible from danger, you will immediately send him a

"RADIOBA"

You cannot afford to take unnecessary risk. The "RADIOBA" cleanses and treats the skin in such a manner as to considerably lessen the great danger of poisonous germs affecting freshly received wounds. It means death

to all microbes and body parasites as well as preventing the bites of gnats and mosquitoes. It is a complete Bath Equipment and enables a man to take a hot, cold or shower bath—anywhere, any time—even in the trenches. It is extremely portable and packs into a space of 14x5x5. Complete "RADIOBA" Outfit, consisting of Enamelled Water Container, Heating Chamber, Heater, Nickel-plated Shower Spray and Regulator, Rubber Tubing, Rubbing Gloves, Collapsible Canvas Foot Bath and supply of "RADIOBA" Water Tablets. Guaranteed efficient and to be exactly as represented. Send for particulars now, or, better still, order an outfit and make your boy happy and comfortable at the earliest moment.

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TWO PEOPLES.

"BRING the peoples of Europe to know and understand one another," say those who discern the dynastic or party origin of many wars, "and they will make wars impossible. For it is the people who pay, the people who suffer. Let the peoples of this world get into touch with one another, then, and save their suffering for evermore!"

This at present very remote dreaming has a momentary significance at this stage in the war in which the peoples of Europe are busy in common extermination; for just now we have an opportunity of seeing how much and how little the masses in England and Germany know and understand of one another.

At this stage, according to abundant evidence supplied by neutral travellers in Germany, the dominant atmosphere, the average attitude amongst those whom we may roughly class as working people in Germany is expressed by a calculation or a burning hope that the British people are beginning to give in. The chance-met traveller in the Fatherland anxiously asks: "Will the English make a revolution and call for peace?" The Compulsion measure—opposed by our Sir John Simon and his followers—has struck these hopes hard. What then? No revolution in England? Compulsory service instead? A symptom! But what depths of misunderstanding in that expectation, over there, that the English are ripe for revolution! Thus do the peoples understand one another.

But, again, how very odd that the demand for a revolution—in England—should be heard in Germany, a land where all seeds and instincts of revolution have long since been killed by Prussia. Odd, very odd, for those themselves incapable of reaction against their own State, to conceive, on no evidence, that other peoples will instinctively rise against their States. But no doubt this is part of Prussian doctrine—revolutions and weakness for other people; tramp, tramp-and efficiency for us.

[That is their doctrine, applied, like all doctrines in Germany, with marvellous realism. But our people meanwhile do not understand theirs any more than they understand us. For our people are dimly counting on their people to make the revolution—in Germany—they want us to make here, "When the German people know the truth." What misunderstanding of Germany expressed in that phrase!

For Prussia has Germany in her grip and Moloch wants more. There will, during the war, be no revolution in Germany. Similarly, the British Bulldog has his grip, and, during the war, there will be no asking for peace here. Thus the two peoples need not continue to count on their misunderstanding of one another's characters. Whoever wins must win by arms, not by revolutions.

W. M.

FEBRUARY.

Wan February with weeping cheer,
Whose cold hand guides the youngling year
Down misty roads of mire and rime,
Before thy pale and fitful face
The shrill wind shifts the clouds apace
Through skies the morning scares may climb,
Thine eyes are thick with heavy tears,
But lit with hopes that light the years.

—SWISSBIRD.

HOSPITAL PROGRAMME FOR OUR FELLOW PRISONERS.

WHAT PLEASES BRAVE MEN FROM THE FRONT.

By MRS. ADRIAN ROSS.

MEDICINE for the mind is, in its way, just as important as medicine for the body, and to cheer and amuse the sick and wounded in the hospitals is a great help towards getting them well.

There is quite an army of people, musical and dramatic, who go round to the different hospitals giving concerts and acting little plays, and no one who has seen the pleasure that these entertainments give to the men can doubt the necessity of this work.

"Never thought I'd have the theatre brought to my bedside," said one poor fellow. "Makes you forget all about the bloomin' war!"

That's exactly what is wanted—to make the men forget for a while the terrible sights, the

mers to me, "this sort of cackle makes you sick!"

When the "company" arrives at the hospital it is shown into rooms in which the members can make up, for although in the case of ward performances there can be no footlights or curtain, a little make-up adds to the illusion, and places the entertainment on a thoroughly professional basis. The men are all ranged up so as to occupy about three-quarters of the space in the ward, and those who are not able to get up have their beds placed in such a position that they can see everything. It is pathetic to watch some of these brave fellows, propped up in bed, their heads sometimes swathed in bandages, but full of interest and animation, and ready to crack a joke with anyone.

NOTHING ABOUT THE WAR.

The following is a programme of a typical entertainment, lasting an hour, or rather longer.

First, ragtime solos, which set the feet going. Soon the men are beating time and shouting out scraps of the choruses which belong to the various tunes. After this comes a song of a sentimental order, and if the singer be

HOPE FOR WIDER IDEALS IN EDUCATION AND ART.

FEARS FOR THE ORANGE.

I THINK your readers must have seen with considerable surprise that oranges are among the fruit of which Mr. Runciman proposes to restrict the supplies. There is no more valuable fruit, and now they are becoming sweet and cheap.

I well remember that in 1892, when a severe form of influenza was very prevalent, Sir Oscar Clayton, the eminent physician, recommended patients to eat oranges, as they helped to keep the cold off the chest. A wise costermonger with oranges on his barrow put up the notice, "Oranges good for influenza." Now, the time when we may expect influenza colds to be prevalent, and it will be very regrettable if oranges are tabooed in favour of a fruit—as the banana—less useful to the community. Apples are also in danger of being banned. Happily, there are no apples which excel the Ribston pippin and the russet, grown in England.

H. A. B.

NO NARROWNESS.

I ALSO used to be told that certain passages in the classics were too improper to be examined in. And I always read them; and I do not repent. It does people good to learn to approach all questions with open minds.

The main value of education is that it smashes up narrowness. Boys should be trained to read the classics and foreign literature in English—some Latin and Greek are useful to give us the key to our own language, especially in the departments of science and medicine.

The deplorable thing is that the ordinary public school atmosphere is contemptuous of learning, which means it ignores all but physical or financial force.

TAB CAX.

LONGER LIVES.

MR. HERBERT VIVIAN says about Italy that "children swarm everywhere: an amazing contrast when you cross the border from 'childless France'."

That is perhaps why Italy has such a high infantile mortality rate compared with France, and why her general death-rate keeps so high. Italy may be "a nation that loves children," but those born in France or England have a much better chance of life.

M. D.

IN MY GARDEN.

JAN. 31.—When roses are being planted the rugosa varieties must not be overlooked. This species was introduced from Japan over 100 years ago and there are now several valuable kinds well worth having in the garden.

The type (crimson) and its white form, alba—both single—are suitable for forming a hedge; their bright red fruits make an attractive show in the autumn. Conrad Meyer (double rose) is a grand variety which blooms very early; Blanche Double de Coubert (double white), Mrs. A. Wanger (red) and Ben's alba should also be grown.

E. F. T.

THE CHILD AND THE WAR.—No. 4.



One of Bob's war days—that is, a day on which he lays ambushes for the family, and inflicts "frightfulness" on everybody, in imitation of what he reads and hears about. Even when he's punished, he makes it part of the war!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

awful hardships and their bodily sufferings, and the motto of the entertainers should be "Mirth and merriment."

The audience does not, as a rule, care much for high-brow stuff; classical music, for instance, is apt to bore the majority. "Oh, my gawd!" one man was heard to say, after a long, stiff violin solo; "I can't stand much of this sort of thing! Give me the guns; they make one feel more comfortable like!"

Great big children they all are, and, like children, they just want to be amused.

Songs with choruses they always love, and it does one's heart good to hear them joining in, joking and laughing over "Kitty in the City" and other such frivolous ditties. They get a little weary of the hackneyed patriotic lays, and it is just as well to keep away from "shop" at these entertainments, and to hunt up fresh songs with catchy refrains. The same applies to recitations. "When you've seen the real thing," remarked a veteran of nineteen sum-

pretty—as she often is—she is sure of an encore. This is followed by a violin solo; then the pianist, who is a man of many parts, sits down and gives off several songs, some quaint, some amusing and all with catchy choruses. If time allows, there is more music from the violinist and the singer, and finally the play is announced.

A ward is not an ideal stage, but it is wonderful what can be done with the aid of screens, and if the properties are a little bit incongruous it only adds to the merriment.

Will you imagine that this is a racecourse," says the impresario. "I am sorry we couldn't bring the horses, but just at the last they got stage fright!" In one play an empty brandy bottle was wanted; one of the convalescents was told off to forage for one. After a considerable lapse of time he returned triumphant. "They hadn't got an empty one," he explained, "but this was nearly empty—it's quite empty now!" On one occasion an actor had to say, "I don't want to leave you." Quick as lightning from

the audience, came a voice. "We think you ought to go!" They were wonderful, shrewd, witty, and for that reason, if for no other, great care should be taken to make these entertainments as good as possible and never to risk taking down an "unknown quantity." It is quite a mistake to suppose that "anything will do," for the men are accustomed to top-hole shows, and they are very quick to detect any weakness in the performance.

Oh, the enthusiasm of the audience! It makes one feel ashamed, in a way, that they should be so grateful. It is so little one can do!

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Be always displeased with what thou art, if thou desirest to attain to what thou art not. Always add, always walk, always. Neither stand still, nor go back. St. Augustine.



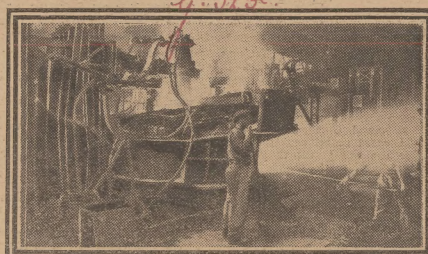
The War Lord alights from his motor-car and speaks to an officer. A correspondent who saw the Kaiser during his recent visit to the Balkans says that he is broken, aged and perpetually coughing. His hair, too, is white.

PRUSSIAN DIET OPENED: DISCUSSING THE NEW TAXES?



Deputies, most of whom are in uniform, leaving the Prussian Diet after the opening meeting. Higher taxes were foreshadowed in the speech from the Throne, which was read by the Imperial Chancellor.

FRANCE PILING UP THE MUNITIONS: A BOY WORKER.

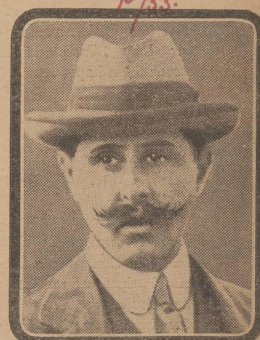


France, like Great Britain, is piling up shells and, according to Mr. Lloyd George, the Allies, for the first time, will have superiority over the Germans in the spring. The photographs show a furnace and one of the boys who are helping their country by working in munition factories.—(French War Office photographs.)



Sir Clements Markham, the explorer, was one of the survivors of the Arctic great benefit on the human race brought on July 20, 1890.

MARQUIS ENLISTS.



The Marquis of Bute, who has enlisted as a private in the Inns of Court O.T.C. His brother, Lord Ninian Crichton Stuart, M.P., was killed in action.

AT THE FRONT.



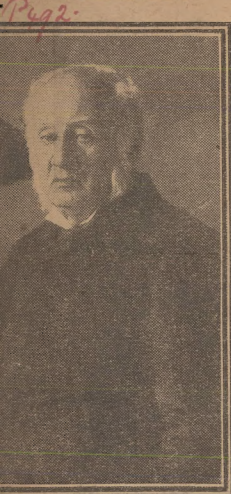
George A Birmingham (Canon Hannay), who has gone to the front.

GREEK BOYS WHO UNDERSTAND



Greek boys are paid a franc a day to pick up stones for use in the trenches. He is seen "distributing his men." He marches them from place to place, and, as the photograph shows, appears to have no difficulty in making

E CHEAP.



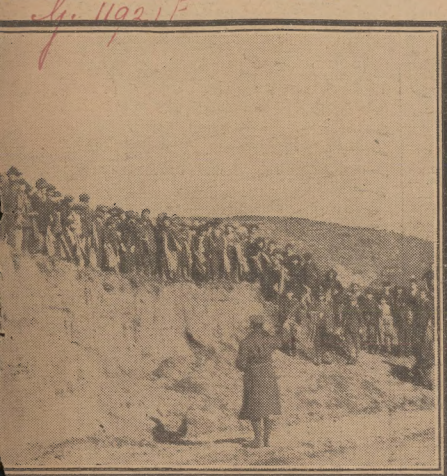
ographer, who has died. - He
edition of 1850, and conferred a
quinine cheap. He was born
ott and Fry.)

YOUTHFUL D.C.M.



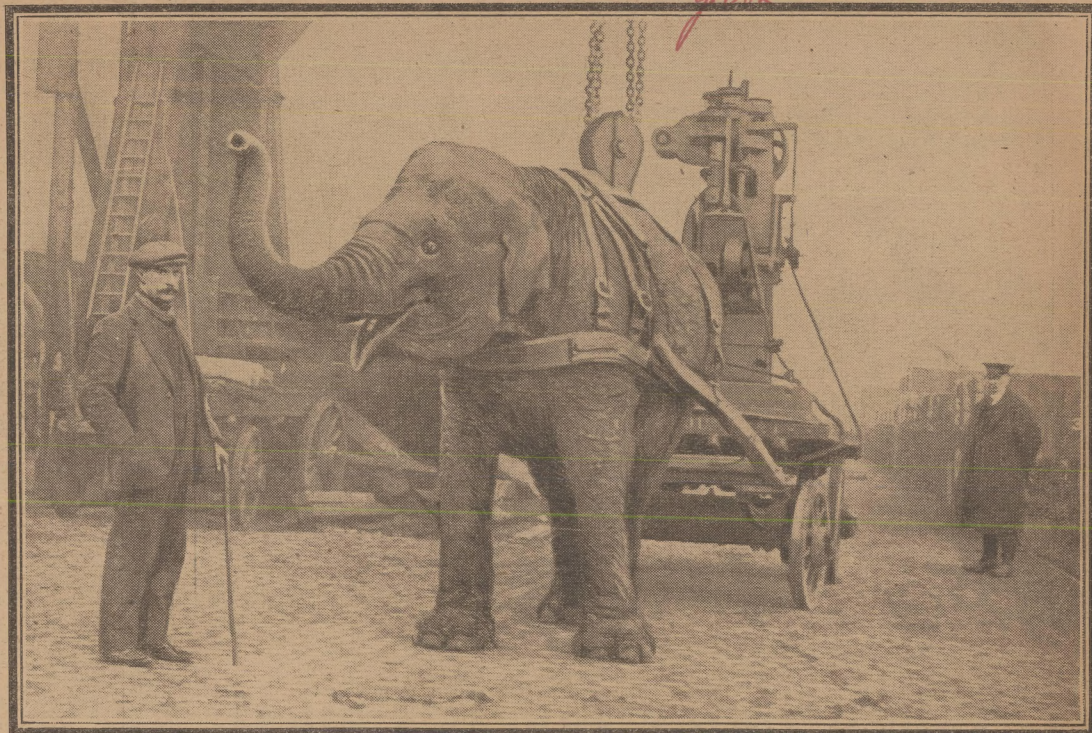
bombardier W. Hicks, of Shanklin
(W.), awarded the D.C.M. for
rushing up a German battery with
rench mortar. He is only eighteen
years of age.

ORDERS GIVEN IN ENGLISH.



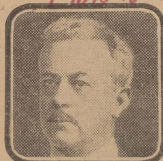
king. They are in charge of a British private, who is here
his column formation, and though he shouts his orders in Eng-
understand.—(Crown, copyright reserved.)

ELEPHANT DOES WAR WORK AT SHEFFIELD.



A well-known Sheffield firm have hired a twenty-eight-year-old elephant from a menagerie for hauling purposes. It does the work of five horses, drawing a load of eight tons quite easily, and can be seen daily in the streets.

SIR A. BAILEY.



Sir Abe Bailey, who is
raising a company of
sharpshooters.

THE PRICE OF KEENNESS: POILUS MADE PRISONERS.



Unfortunate poilus who have paid for their keenness by being made prisoners of war. They got in front of the main body of their regiment during an attack in Northern France.

A NEW GAME FOR CHILDREN.



Bringing waste paper to the "depot." Children have been told to collect it, and this provides them with a new game.

TIME FOR AFTERNOON TEA.



British "Tommy" blowing his fire into a flame to boil his tea.—(Official photograph from Salonika; Crown, copyright reserved.)

GREAT 10,000 GIFT

TO RHEUMATIC, GOUTY, SCIATIC AND LUMBAGO SUFFERERS.

MEN IN TRENCHES DESCRIBE IT AS "A GODSEND."

A great gift to the British Public is announced to-day. For some time remarkable reports have been coming through from all parts about the wonderful anti-rheumatic virtues of a new "Oil Cure." A Lieutenant of the Royal Irish Rifles, indeed, describes it as "A Godsend," adding that the men of both his own regiment and the Honourable Artillery Company "all swear by it."

And now 10,000 bottles a day are to be distributed absolutely free to the General Public interested in trying this remarkable remedy. All that readers have to do is to write name and address and post it to the address given with 4d. stamps for return postage and packing. With the Free Trial Bottle will be sent a Report Book recounting the many Military and Public triumphs of the "Odd's-On Oil" Cure.

10,000 FREE



WRITE FOR YOURS NOW.

ALTOGETHER MAGIC-LIKE QUICK RELIEF.

There is something altogether magic-like about the action of this new "Oil Cure." Within a minute or so it allays the heat of inflammation, reduces swelling and redness, loosens stiffness and banishes soreness. This quick relief must be tried to be believed—and that is why 10,000 bottles a day are to be given away for a Public Free Trial.

Owing to the national shortage of bottles this offer may have to be withdrawn in a few days' time. Interested readers, therefore, should apply at once, and so make sure of one of the Gift Bottles.

Every sufferer from rheumatism, gout, sciatica, lumbago and neuralgia knows only too well the heat, inflammation, redness, soreness, stiffness or swelling, each of which is the direct outcome of an *unnatural dryness* of the seat of pain. This marvellous "Oil" is also wondrously "good for" all BRUISES, SPRAINS, STRAINS, STIFFNESSES AND CHILBLAINS.

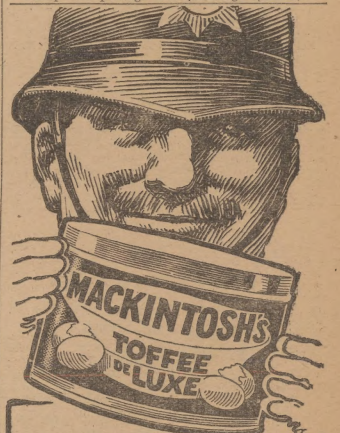
"Odd's-On Oil" is a compound of certain oils of a quickly penetrative as well as anti-congestive character. This is proved by the almost immediate relief that follows its use.

Sufferers who have tried it say they would not take a sovereign for their supply of it if they could not obtain more.

TRY IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

Readers now have the opportunity of trying this magic-like "Odd's-On Oil" free. And the experience is one that self-teaches every sufferer how to avoid the terrible suffering and inconvenience of complaints that are both cruel and crippling in their character.

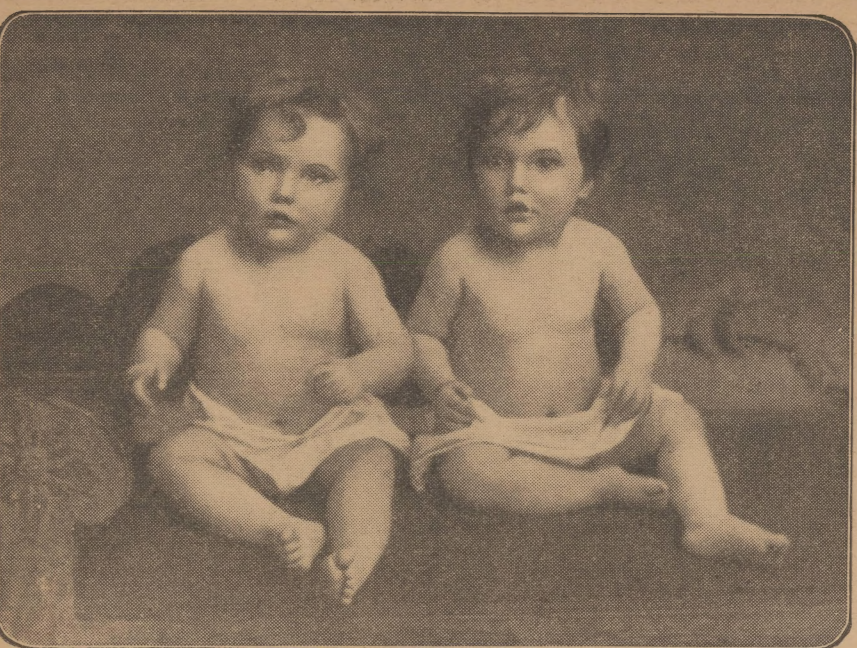
Address: The Odds-On Specifics Co. (Dept. 1), 36 and 37, Cooklane, London, E.C. and enclose 4 stamps for postage and packing.—(Advt.)



P.C. ROBERT says:

"No, sir! Smoking isn't allowed on duty, but eating Toffee de Luxe is. I always carry some—a dear old lady gave me a piece or a cold night and it's been on my beat ever since. I've put the 'Specials' on to it, for it's too good to a thing to keep to oneself. Just you try it, sir."

Smile and cream and butter, blended into one delicious whole. Try all our Mackintosh's Mint de Luxe, Cofee de Luxe, and Chocolate de Luxe. Gift every "de Luxe."



VIROL TWINS (BABIES EDWARDS).

When other Foods Failed

Nov. 30, 1915.

98, George Street, Kidderminster.

I am sending you a photograph of our twin girls taken at 16 months old. When born I tried different foods that did not suit, and at six months old they started to go back. We were advised to try Virol, which I did, and cannot speak too highly of it, as they have come on well and their health in every way has been all that one could wish.

Yours truly,

G. M. EDWARDS.

VIROL

In Measles and Whooping Cough, Virol should be given to children of whatever age. Virol increases their power of resistance and recovery, and strengthens them against dangerous after-effects.

In glass and stone jars, 1/-, 1/8, and 2/11.

VIROL, LTD., 152-166, Old Street, London, E.C.

PERSONAL.

FULLY realise just late. Leaving here soon. Love. HAIR permanently removed from face with electricity: Ladies only—Florence Wood, 105, Regent-st, W. MAUD—Sanitas Anti-Vermin Paste is so much appreciated at the front: I am enclosing a tin in all my parcels.—Norah

LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADOLPH. A New Musical Play. TINA. Tonight, at 8. Mats. Weds. and Sat., at 2. GODFREY TEARLE, PHYLLIS DAIR, W. H. BERRY. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel., 2645; 8886 Ger. AMBASSADORS. "MORE" by Harry Grattan. 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. and Sat., at 2.30. APOLLO—OSCAR ASQUE and LILY BRAYTON IN THE TAMING OF THE SHREW. Evenings, at 8.15. Matinee, Mon., Weds. and Sat., at 2.30. COMEDY.—Lessee, Arthur Chudleigh (21st time to-night). EVENINGS, 8.30. MATINEES, Mon., Weds. and Sat., 2.30. SHELL OUT! by Albert de Courville and Wal Pisk. FRED FUNNY and strong cast. SMOKING PERMITTED. CRITERION. A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF. Evenings, at 8.30. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats. 2.30. DOLBY.—The George Edwards Production. BETTY. TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats., at 2. Gaiety Barons, Gaiety Ray, G. M. Levine, Laury de Free, Donald Calthrop and G. P. HUNTLEY. GRY LANE. PUSS IN BOOTS. Evenings, 7.30. Mats. Mon., Weds. Thurs. Sats. 1.30. George Graves, Will Evans, Florence Smithson. Box-office, Tel. 2828 Gerard. DUKE OF YORK. ALICE IN WONDERLAND, at 2.15. At 8.15. "The Pictures" and THE PARISH PUMP. CAITY.—Evenings, 8. Mats. Sats. 2. TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT. GEO. GROSSMITH and Gaiety Co. GARRICK. 8.30. Mats. Weds. Sats. 2.30. "TIGER'S CUB." BASIL GILL and MADGE TITHERIDGE. GRY LANE. 2.30. Evgs. Weds. Fri., Sats. 9.15. MOYA MANNING IN PEG O' MY HEART. DORIS KEANE IN ROMANCE. 8.15. Matinee, Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. A. E. ANSON.

HAYMARKET. At 8.15. WHO IS HE? HENRY AINLEY. Mat. Weds. Thurs. Sats. 2.30. HIS MAJESTY'S. MRS. PRETTY AND THE PREMIER. A Comic Play of Australian Life, by Arthur H. Adams. EVENINGS, at 8.15. Mats. Weds. Thurs. Sats. 2.30. ARTHUR BOURCHIER. Kyrle Bellew. OPERA SEASON at SHAFTESBURY THEATRE. TO-NIGHT, at 8. BOHEME. Wed. Mat. CARMEN; Wed. Eve. FAUST; Thurs. CIVALLIERA RUSTICANA, PAGLIACCI and ONE VOIX DANS LE DESERT; Fri. THE CRUCIFIX; Sat. Mat. BUTTERFLY; Sat. Eve. TALES OF HOFFMANN. Prices, 4s. 6d. to 1s. Ger. 6066. PALADIUM.—Gigantic Success, CINDERELLA. HARRY WELDON, NORA DELANY. Over 100 Performers. MATINEES only EVERY DAY, at 2.15. PLAYHOUSE.—Evenings, 8.30. Mat. Weds. Sat. 2.30. CHARLES HAWTREY and GLADYS COOPER in a new play, PLEASE HELLY EMILY, by H. M. Harwood. PRINCE OF WALES. At 3. STOP THIEF. Daily, at 8, and Mon., Thurs. and Sat., at 9.45. PERCY HUTCHISON. MARIE ILLINGTON. At 2.30. TWO IN A TRIAP. QUEEN'S. A New Revue. "OH! LA LA!" Evenings, at 8.30. Mats. Thurs. Sats. 2.30. ROYALTY. THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME. DENNIS EADIE. Every Day, at 8.30, and TO-NIGHT, at 8.30. Mats. Thurs. Sats. 2.30. ST. JAMES'S. At 8.15. Mats. Thurs. Sats. 2.30. A New Comedy, THE BASKER, by Clifford Mills. GEORGE ALEXANDER and GLENVIVIE WARD. SAVOY. At 8.15. MR. H. B. IRVING. THE CASE OF LADY CAMBER, by H. A. Vachell. Every Evening and Mats. Mon., Weds. Thurs. Sats. 2.30. SCALA.—Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. THE WORLD AT WAR. A remarkable collection of War Pictures on Land and Sea. Western Front, Gallipoli and 1560. STERLING FRONTS. GARRY BROS. THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. Mats. Tues. Weds. Thurs. Sat., at 2.30. "MR. W." Every Evening, at 8.30. Curtain falls 10.45. MATHEWSON LANG as Shylock and Mr. Wu. LILIAN BRADSHAW as Portia and Mrs. Gregory. WAUDEVILLE. H. Grattan's Revue, "SAMPLES!" (Evenings, at 8.30. Mats. Thurs. and Sats., 2.30.

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READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THIS SPLENDID SERIAL TO-DAY

LOVE FOR DICK



Richard Heathcote.

BY
**META
SIMMINS.**

CHAPTER I.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in the fast-locked chamber of her heart an imprisoned memory that she would give the world to forget sits restlessly. She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her. So certain that he would ask with his lips for what he had already asked with his eyes—her love, herself.

Her memories carried her back to a garden where a man and a woman had stood together in the magic dusk of a summer night. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa to begin a new life.

Olive has never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves—loves with a silent love known only to women. At times he has been very friendly with her, and she has looked forward to meeting him again—and then he has been almost a stranger. At other times it has almost seemed that he has tried to avoid her. Rupert had been so very, very different. And yet—and yet—

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spin out. Something had betrayed her secret to Rupert, that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then—this man who had been really plundering all the time.

And yet something of madness had entered into him for a moment. He had caught her in his arms as she swayed towards him, held her in his arms for a moment in a close embrace. Then almost as though he hated her he had put her from him. He had apologised for his hidden her good-night—leaving her alone with her humiliation.

Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. No one could have been more sympathetic. It was as though he knew. She saw him in a new light. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed. He had talked to her as she never could believe he could have done. A barrier seemed to have broken down between them.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. It is the first love-letter Olive Chayne has ever received, and in a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

"Ever since I came out here," it runs, "with every mail that has gone home my heart has sent you a message. Only I have not dared to put it on paper, just as in England I never dared to put my love into words—not even in that hour in the garden in Richmond that showed me your heart."

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loved her after all! She is filled with rapturous wonder. There is nothing now to prevent her taking up her happiness.

As she is reading the letter, the telephone rings. It is her father. In rather excited tones he tells her that he has important news to give her in the morning, and that he will need all her help and attention in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised her dying mother that she would always look after her father. She passes through a series of varied emotions, but she knows that she must do her duty. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote, giving no reasons, but saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock, Olive realises that she has made her sacrifice in vain. Fiercely she decides that her father is not to be bothered about her. Without hesitating, she sends a cable to Heathcote saying that the letter was a mistake, and that she is coming out at once.

Olive Chayne arrives at Omdurra, a little town on the coast of West Africa. Rupert Heathcote meets her. He merely comes forward and shakes hands, and begins to apologise for Dick's absence.

"But why reproach me? I have got you."

Rupert laughs. "It's very nice to put it like that," he says, "but when a girl has come out to marry a man, he feels it due to her to meet her. But it wasn't humanly possible for Dick."

"Marry Dick!" The words almost fall from Olive's lips. Is it possible that Rupert thinks she has travelled from England to marry Dick? With a numbing shock the thought forces itself upon her—there has been a terrible mistake—she has misread the signature in the fatal letter.

A TRAGIC MISTAKE.

THE words seemed to cling to Olive Chayne's lips. She did not again utter Dick Heathcote's name, but it was there against her lips

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

still, chill and cold, as though frozen by that look that had leapt into Rupert Heathcote's eyes.

In the light of that look she saw the truth. She had made a mistake—a bitter, inconceivable mistake.

It was Richard, not Rupert Heathcote who had written asking her to marry him. She had travelled thousands of miles to marry . . . the wrong man.

The humid heat of the room seemed to be closing round her like some vapor of death. The rough hotel sitting-room, with its crude, tawdry attempts at decoration, spun round her. She put out her hands with an instinctive movement, and Rupert Heathcote caught them in his own.

"Olive!" His voice was very eager. "Is it possible . . . did you think . . ." Yet even his glib tongue faltered a little in the presence of tragedy—for, if what he thought were true, this was a tragedy—involving two lives, involving, perhaps, his own.

His face was very near the girl's white, stricken face. It seemed to her to be the one real thing in this spinning world—this dark, thin fabric with the eager, burning eyes. Their eagerness burned into her very soul with a scorching pain that gave her back something of her slipping control. Whatever happened, she told herself feverishly, whatever happened, Rupert Heathcote must never know . . .

Not twice—that was her one coherent thought—must I betray myself to this man who cared nothing for her.

"Did I think—what, Rupert?" she asked. "You've cultivated a distracting habit of broken sentences since you left England. Whatsoever happened, she told herself feverishly, whatever happened, Rupert Heathcote must never know . . .

Not twice—that was her one coherent thought—must I betray myself to this man who cared nothing for her. "Did I think—what, Rupert?" she asked. "You've cultivated a distracting habit of broken sentences since you left England. Whatsoever happened, she told herself feverishly, whatever happened, Rupert Heathcote must never know . . .

Then, as though she had noticed something new, she said, "It was as though I saw your face, as added, with elaborate kindness."

"But don't think that I am very glad to see you, all the same. I am—very."

He still held her hand. She gave him a friendly little squeeze and strove to release her own. He held them fast. Even to a belief that might sound very practical—in Dick Heathcote's ears?" he whispered.

The whisper thrilled her, as his nearness thrilled her. Another moment, the faintest movement, and she would have been crying out for the shelter of those arms, for the mirage of safety and security of that embrace . . . just to lie there and be at rest, with no thought of the morning.

All that yielding, she drew herself away from him, despising herself for her weakness, loathing him for his tempting, even while she loved him. For it was not to be denied that she loved him. It was the philanderer that she was, smarting with the unconsolable pains of wounded pride, yet she loved him.

"Why," she laughed faintly. "You mustn't give me time to think, but I am awfully glad that you did come to-night. I—I could not have welcomed him—as he deserves to be welcomed. But after a sleep!"

"What a brute I am to keep you standing here!" he said, "even yet I have left unsaid all the explanations with which Dick entrusted me. 'But I can see that you are tired, so I must be off,' he laughed. 'Good-night, Olive.'"

Yet, even after the words were spoken he still lingered, like some awkward country cousin who has not learned the art of prompt departure. He stood looking at her in silence, his hands behind him, and his surroundings absolutely for the moment.

His loveliness amazed him, that was the truth. It was so long since he had seen an English girl, and Olive, with her delicate cheeks, her eyes and blossomed like some exquisite rose in the sunshine of her love and happiness.

Could it be possible that he had never realised how lovely she was? Till now? In England, pretty, very charming with her grave eyes and her delightfully childish way of taking everything seriously. That night in the garden at Richmond, he had come perilously near making a fool of himself over her then. She had been almost irresistible with the shy loveliness in her eyes. But now . . .

He drew himself up sharply. Where were his thoughts leading him? To what verge had he all but stepped? He must not be such a fool as to imagine this girl had ever cared for him—why, to-morrow she would be Dick's wife. Her beauty a forbidden thing.

He realised all at once that she was speaking to him.

"I'm afraid I've been very poor company," Olive said. "But—won't you excuse me, won't you, Rupert?"

She turned abruptly, as though on a broken sentence, and went out on to the verandah. He saw her stand for a second, looking out over the darkness to the sea, then she disappeared from sight. He saw the light from her room stream

out suddenly, a yellow ladder flicked with passing shadows, along the floor of the verandah.

A BITTER DILEMMA.

INSIDE the bedroom Olive Chayne locked her door and closed the shutters, barricading herself against the world. She must be alone, she felt that it would be impossible for her to endure the assidues of the fat Dutch woman who ran the "hotel." Even on her arrival she had found her wretched smiles objectionable, and now . . .

She made no attempt to undress or to exchange the linen dress she wore for the softness of the muslin wrapper that was laid to her hand on the chair by the bed. She sat down on the edge of the bed, her hands folded tightly together, and stared out before her.

The mood of emotional bewilderment that had possessed her had passed. The world was no longer a place of shifting shadows with but one reality—Rupert Heathcote. It was once again the every-day prosaic world in which already she had endured so much bitterness . . . the world that would rock with laughter when it heard of her infatuated mistake.

She could hear the snoring story that would follow the mention of her name.

"Olive Chayne, oh, yes—that girl! Such a joke, my dear. You know she went out to West Africa to be married. Well, she was out to marry Rupert Heathcote. That handsome boy, you remember? But it was Richard Heathcote, the dull cousin, who had asked her to go out!"

Oh, the shame of it—the shame of it! Yet, as she sat there with tightly-clasped hands, Olive Chayne knew very well that it was a shame she could have endured had it not been for Rupert Heathcote . . .

But that Rupert should know of her fatuous mistake . . . the blood surged into the girl's white cheeks, her heart beat almost painfully. That would kill her, kill her. He must never know. Only—how was she to face Richard to-morrow?

A sense of wild rage against this man who had trapped her rose up chokingly in Olive Chayne's heart. How could he imagine that she loved him? What had ever given him that?

Encouragement had she ever given him? Could it be possible that any man could be such an utter fool as to imagine . . .

Oh, what was she to do—what was she to do! Her mind was wrapped about in animal that runs round and round in its effort to find some means of escape.

It wouldn't be possible to go back to England, she must not deceive herself about that. There was no place for her there—in her father's house where a new mistress reigned—no place at all in the old life from which she had cut herself off so completely when she had sent that cable-gram across the seas.

And with this thought came a sudden remembrance that seemed to turn Olive Chayne to a woman of ice. She shivered violently as she sat there, wrapped about by the intolerable West African heat.

That letter that she had written to Rupert Heathcote—had he received it? Even whilst he had stood there smiling at her and telling her of Dick and of Dick's luck, had he known all the time that she had written refusing him?

Did he know? Had he been laughing at her in his sleeve all the while? Was that what those odd broken sentences had meant?

With a sharp little cry, the girl put up her hands to her hot, shamed face, where the blood flamed suddenly.

Then, as she sat there held prisoner by these thoughts of fear, a little sound on the verandah outside her window made her catch her breath. The sound of his light footsteps and then the whisper of her name—

"Olive!" She rose from the edge of the bed and stood staring at the blood that had seeped to her heart had rushed back with a force that set every pulse throbbing.

"Olive!" It was Rupert Heathcote's voice. What did he want? Had he come back?

"I'm awfully sorry to disturb you—but this letter—"

"What letter?" The words seemed to be drawn from her in spite of herself. She moved towards the shuttered window, and the movement, too, was involuntary. So all her fears had come true. He had come to taunt her with her letter. Fiercely and desperately Olive Chayne raised her head to open and swallow her.

"Well—Dick's," Rupert Heathcote's tone was embarrassed. "I'm awfully sorry to disturb you—but, honestly, I couldn't face Dick if I didn't deliver it to you. Just put your hand through the shutter."

"A letter from Dick!" She was aware that her voice was almost shrill in the recoil of her relief.

As she spoke she was fumbling with the fastening of the window and had thrown it open. She stood revealed to the man a slim, white-clad figure, sharply outlined against the glowing yellow background of the lamplight.

There was a light in her eyes, and her lips were parted in a smile as she held out her hand eagerly for the letter. If he had felt even the stirring shadow of a suspicion that Olive Chayne was not in love with his cousin, it faded utterly from his mind in that moment. Relief had transferred its misgivings to his hands.

"Thanks, I'm so glad you remembered. Good night again, Rupert."

"Good night!" He looked at her and smiled whimsically. "Lucky letter—to receive such a reception! Lucky, three lucky Dick! Ah, some men have all the luck, Olive!"

He laughed as he sauntered off down the verandah. The laugh echoed in Olive's heart desolately as she turned back into her room and broke the envelope of Richard Heathcote's letter.

"My dear—you must know what it means to me, this disappointment of not being able to meet you. I've been counting the days till your coming—it's not only children who do that. . . . But it was unavoidable, as Rupert will have explained."

"To-morrow—Olive—to-morrow! Love, it is all too wonderful to be true. That to-morrow you will be my wife! I feel so utterly unworthy of such happiness. My heart is so full I can only thank you for the gift you have given me—I wish to be worthy of it."

"Till to-morrow—your love, Dick."

Olive's fingers tightened on the page. The man seemed to have been speaking in the room; the echo of his voice lingered in her ears. This honest, sincere man who loved her.

For the first time since that stunning moment, when she had realised her mistake Olive thought of Richard Heathcote individually, not, as before, merely in connection with him. It was no longer merely a question of how she might save her face, save her wounded pride. There was this man to be considered—this man who had counted the hours till her coming. This man who was praying that he might be worthy of her.

"Oh, poor Dick, poor Dick. . . ."

The awful, incomprehensible cruelty of the whole thing came back, as clearly as that night when Dick Heathcote had said that such a blow should be stored up against him by Fate?

She caught her hands together with a sudden gesture.

But at least I can't deal him this blow," she whispered. "I can never tell him the truth."

She flung herself down, dressed as she was, on the narrow bed and the vaporous heat closed about her like a pall. But the misery of her thoughts was greater than the misery of her body, and she was not conscious of her physical discomforts. Towards morning she fell into a troubled sleep with the booming of the great surf waves like thunder in her ears.

There was a note on the tray beside her early cup of tea that told her that Dick had arrived. Just three words: "I'm here. Dick."

Olive, bathed, and dressed in the coolest of white gowns, looked at the message and planned out her campaign.

The next day, Dick—very soon she must meet Dick. But the first meeting must not take place alone, within four walls . . .

She knew his habits well enough—if she kept her nerves steady, she could easily gravitate into the open. She must keep watch for him and go down to meet him outside . . .

It all fell out as she had planned. She sent down a message that she would be coming out presently, that she would be ready in ten minutes, waiting, she saw Dick saunter out, pipe in mouth, a tall, broad-shouldered figure in his white linen suit. She could not see his face. Even when he had joined her, Rupert, as he was almost at once, he kept his back towards the hotel.

Olive's heart beat very fast as she went downstairs. "Dick!" From the edge of the verandah she called his name. He turned swiftly and stood there in the blaze of the sunshine looking at her, with all his heart in his eyes—those deep-set eyes that were almost as vividly blue against his tanned skin as the merciless sky above them.

Then, with a bound, he was up the steps and had caught her hands in his.

"Olive, my little girl. As last!" he said. He made no attempt to be caress, though—and she knew this by a sort of instinct—publicity would not have deterred him from taking her in his arms there and then. But he caressed her with his eyes. They told her all that a woman might care to know—if she loved a man.

Then, as they stood so, hand clasped in hand, each held silent by such vastly differing causes, Rupert Heathcote sauntered up the steps.

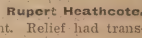
"Good morning, Olive," he said, smiling. "Well, Dick, I'm off—you won't have any use for me at present."

As he spoke he twirled a letter in his fingers, let it drop casually, and then, glancing down she saw her own writing stare up at her: "Rupert Heathcote, Esq."

Then, with an apology, the man stooped and picked it up.

But his wordless message was understood. So her letter had travelled out in the same boat as herself. And . . . in a few moments, when he had opened it, Rupert Heathcote would know the truth.

There will be another fine instalment of this great story to-morrow.



Rupert Heathcote.



Olive Chayne.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

Mr. Lloyd George's "Doubles."

He was rather a little man with a merry red face, dark hair turning grey and very long at the back. He hung on to a strap inside the omnibus. "Who's that, Mummy?" asked a little girl; "I've seen his picture in the papers." "Not so loud," said Mummy. "It's Mr. Lloyd George," and then in a whisper—"in muff." The little man smiled (it was not the Minister of Munitions, though surely his double) and the lady, rather confused, said she meant "incognito."

The Waiter-Statesman.

Now I recall the fact that Mr. Lloyd George has a number of "doubles," though they do not all possess his merry twinkle. There is at one of Sir Joseph Lyons's numerous establishments an exceedingly alert waiter who for years has answered to the name of "Lloyd George." Except for the man in the omnibus, he bears the closest resemblance of anybody to the one and only David.

Lady Paget's Return.

I hear that Lady Ralph Paget, who is at present, together with her hospital unit, a prisoner in Uskub, has got a letter through in which she says she and the unit are well and hope to be soon home again. That is good news, anyway.

Dr. Ella Searlett Synge.

I hear that Dr. Synge—who, of course, is Lord Abinger's daughter—is home from Berlin with her report on the condition of English prisoners in German prison camps. Dr. Synge is the holder of no fewer than eight academic degrees.

The Great Duke's Room.

It has been a matter of general remark that Lord French is returning to the room he formerly occupied in the War Office. This has, of course, necessitated many changes at the War Office, and has given rise to many speculations as to the reason, the general belief being that Lord French is resuming the Western command. As a matter of fact, the explanation is quite simple. The room formerly belonged to the Duke of Wellington, and still contains the desk and chair of the victor of Waterloo. Naturally, it is the most coveted apartment in Pall Mall.

Whore Shaw's Latest Was Written.

I hear that Bernard Shaw's latest play, "O'Flaherty, V.C.," was written at Lady Gregory's place, Coole Park, Co. Galway. The play, of course, is founded on the one and only O'Leary, V.C.

Bernard Shaw Reads Beautifully.

A friend of mine has heard Shaw read "O'Flaherty, V.C.," and tells me what a treat it is, as he reads magnificently and just lives the parts. For certain reasons "O'Flaherty" will not appear till after the war.

When the Lady Driver Smiles.

I have often noticed the sex expression that the average lady car-driver wears—it is grim and unbending, but I have also noticed that she can smile on occasion just as sweetly, and that when passing the policeman on point duty—such a knowing smile!

Four at the Front.

The Rev. T. W. Hudson, rector of Great Shefford, Berkshire, must be a proud parson. He has four officer sons in the Army. Captain Eric Hudson, of the Worcesters, has been twice wounded in France. The other three brothers are with the Royal Berkshire somewhere in France. This is a splendid family record. I am sorry to hear though that one of the Hudsons is reported missing.



Rev. T. W. Hudson.

"Some of the Clergy."

If the clergy have been precluded by their Bishops from enlisting as combatants they have, at least, not spared their sons. The number of clergymen's sons now in the fighting line is a surprisingly large one. A few months ago the Bishop of Bangor lost a son in action, and the Bishop of Winchester, the Bishop of Peterborough, the Bishop of Birmingham, the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of Bathurst, the Bishop of Bristol, the Bishop of Gloucester, the Bishop of Hereford, the Bishop of London, the Bishop of Manchester, the Bishop of Newcastle, the Bishop of Norwich, the Bishop of Oxford, the Bishop of Salisbury, the Bishop of Southampton, the Bishop of Worcester, the Bishop of York, and the Bishop of Chester, all have sons in the fighting line.

To Marry.

I hear that Miss Maggie Teyte, the Irish song-bird, is to marry an Army captain. He was wounded severely at the battle of Loos.

Mrs. Claude Levita's Son.

As I was strolling across the Park yesterday I saw the small, bright-eyed son of Mrs. Claude Levita, who was a fat puppy that was dashing along accompanying its onward course with apologetic yelps and gurgles. The small boy and the small dog looked very jolly, and I was reminded later in the day of Mrs. Levita's engagement to Lord Savile when I met her shopping in Bond-street.

Lord Savile's Bride-Elect.

I am told that the wedding is to take place very quietly toward the end of this month, and, if the bride-elect manages to get her own way in the matter, that the ceremony will be performed in the lovely old chapel that belongs to Rufford Abbey. This ancient seat of Lord Savile's is one of the most beautiful and historic of English homes.

Brighter Spring Dresses.

In striking contrast to last year's sombre modes, writes my Paris dress correspondent, this spring we are to have really bright dresses. Black and white checks will predominate with warm browns for earlier wear. Bright colours will be plentiful, and there will be interesting changes in hat fashions.

A Movie Offer.

This is the latest profile portrait of Miss Millie Sim, who, I hear, has had a big contract offered to her to go to America and act for the "movies." Do you remember what a



Miss Millie Sim.

success Miss Sim made in "Odds and Ends"? She is the brilliant daughter of a brilliant mother, Miss Millie Hylton.

The Prodigal's Return.

After its enforced rest, "L'Enfant Prodigue" will be seen again in a London theatre on February 12, Mr. Walter Knight having obtained the Kingsway for his continuation of a piece which Queen Alexandra enjoyed twice. Miss Andree Mielly, who is the Prodigal, went back to her beloved Paris for a holiday, but she is delighted at the prospect of renewing acquaintance with her "kind English friends" in front of the footlights.

A High Time.

He was debating which branch of the Services to join. "Why," put in the enthusiastic airman, "don't you join the Air Service and have a high old time?"

Patriotic Duties.

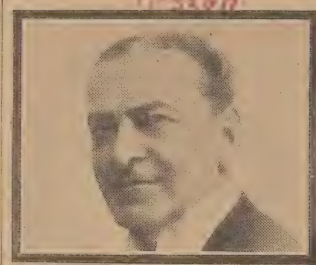
There is a little band of girls belonging to society who, but for the war, would have made their debut at Court, but who instead are working hard in the direction of patriotic duties. Among these is Miss Myrtle Farquharson, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson, of Inverclyde. She is one of Princess Mary's oldest friends, and was to have made her debut at the same time as our little Princess. Several of the other girls who are working hard are also friends of the Princess, who has set a splendid example.

Sugar Would So Beat.

Little Peter had fallen down and mother was comforting the tears away. "Why, Peter," she said, "how salt your tears are." Peter ran away and presently came back to his mother with a face all smeared with sugar. "Kiss me now, mummy; sugar would be best."

"The Premier."

"The Premier"—I mean Mr. Arthur Boucher—had a part after his own heart at His Majesty's last night, and as Bill, the Premier, he was a breezy Australian character true to the life. When one remembers his King



Mr. Arthur Boucher.

Henry VIII. at the same theatre, I think the adjective "versatile" may be truly applied to an actor who is welcome back to the scene of his former triumphs. By the way, there is a clever quip about Henry VIII. in the play, for which you should be on the qui vive.

The Best Serials.

A clubman—yes, really a clubman—told me yesterday that *The Daily Mirror* had got another fine serial. "They are," he said, "among the only fiction I read, and I wouldn't miss them for a lot. I think you have collected the best band of serial writers round you that there are." This was very gratifying, but I think that in the case of Miss Simmins's new serial, "Love Me for Ever," it is thoroughly justified. Read it to-day.

D.S.O. to Wed.

There will be an early morning naval wedding at St. Michael's Church, Chertsey-square, to-day, when Squadron-Commander John Treayn, Babington, R.N., marries Miss Cecily Beresford Hope, the youngest daughter of Mr. Beresford Hope. The bridegroom has done some fine work in the present war, and he was awarded the D.S.O. last year, and has also the Legion of Honour for work in the Air Service.

In Spats.

There was a sort of gasp from the woman part of the Pavilion audience the afternoon of the W.R.A. matinee. Miss Braithwaite had appeared on the stage in a velvet frock, adorable little feather hat and—spats! She, by the way, is a believer in true war economy, and I have several times lately met her in a "General." Just like our royal princesses, indeed!

The Two Sides.

Every man has two personalities. The one he reveals to women, the other to men.

"If There Must Be Battles."

Dorothy Chester Paradise is the pretty name of an interesting young lady I chanced to meet yesterday. She, I soon discovered, is an American, and her first book appears before the public this week. Its title is "If There Must Be Battles," which has a warlike sound. The little book has been written in the form of a series of letters passing between an American girl named Peggy Pollock and a Canadian soldier who has come over to fight for the Motherland. Miss Paradise denies that these letters, which gradually merge into a romance, are "founded on fact."



Miss Dorothy Paradise.

The young author comes of literary stock, and was born in Boston. Her father, who is a distinguished man of letters, came to live in England about a year ago in order to give his services to "the Cause" and to interpret its righteousness to thoughtful American citizens. "My brother," Miss Paradise told me, "is a Rhodes scholar. He spent six months working for the American Relief Committee in Belgium, and has written a book on the subject."

THE RAMBLER.

Pain in the Back

is often of the most violent character, yet it is surprising how quickly it disappears when Sloan's Liniment is used.

Like a Knife Stab.

Mrs. Withall, Gatwick, Shalford, Godalming, writes: "I had a pain in my back just like a knife stab, and I was left helpless. I went into hospital from May to November, and was turned out incurable. People used to say it was all over with me. Sloan's Liniment was given to me to ease the pain, and I am now able to do all my own work. Everyone says it is a wonderful cure."



SLOAN'S LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

Not only for Backache Pain, but also for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Sprains, Bruises and pain of every kind, Sloan's Liniment is remarkably effective. A great comfort with Sloan's, too, is that there is no need to rub it in—laid on lightly it penetrates right to the seat of pain and gives ease and comfort at once. Sloan's is invaluable for emergency use—a bottle kept in the house will often save hours of suffering. Get one to-day.

Sold by all Chemists, 1/1s and 2/3s.

FREE SAMPLE. Send your name and address and three penny stamps for postage of trial bottle FREE. Wholesale Depot: 86, Clerkenwell Road, London.

Herbs Smoked in Pipe or Cigarette Relieve Catarrh.

Write for a Free Trial Package.

Dr. Blosser, who has devoted forty years to the treatment of Catarrh, is the originator of a certain combination of medical herbs, flowers and berries to be smoked in a pipe or ready prepared cigarette. The smoke vapour reaches all the air passages of the head, nose and throat. As the disease is carried into these passages with the air you breathe, so the antiseptic, healing vapour of this Remedy is carried with the breath directly to the affected parts.

This simple, practical method applies the medicine where sprays, douches, ointments, etc., cannot possibly go. Its effect is soothing and healing, and is entirely harmless, containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs. It is pleasant to use, and not alienating to those who have never smoked. No matter how severe or long standing your case may be, we want to show you what our Remedy will do.

To prove the beneficial, pleasant effect, Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 5 P.B.), 8, Boulevard-street, London, E.C., will post absolutely free to any sufferer, a sample "tin" will verify their claims by actual test. This free package contains a pipe, some of the Remedy for smoking, and also some of our medicinal cigarettes. If you wish to continue the treatment, it will cost only 4s. 6d. for a month's supply for the pipe, or a box containing one hundred cigarettes. We pay postage.

If you are a sufferer from Catarrh, Asthma, Catarrhal Deafness, or if subject to frequent colds, send your name and address at once by postal card or letter for the free package, and a copy of our illustrated booklet. Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Remedy is on sale at Boots', Taylor's and other chemists.

Foster Clark's

A 2d. packet makes 14 pints of rich Nourishing Soup. Seven varieties. Only water to add.

2d. SOUPS



Ruined houses in Serbia. Scarcely a house in this village remains intact.—(Underwood and Underwood.)

NO STATE CEREMONY.

Parliament Will Reassemble Without the Presence of the King.

ONLY WAR LEGISLATION.

No official intimation has reached the House of Lords to the effect that the King will open Parliament when both Houses recommence their sittings on February 15.

Indeed, the information already received is to a contrary effect.

A State opening in the ordinary meaning of the term would hardly be possible now, in view of the shortness of the interval before the date fixed for the opening.

The only alternative would be a semi-State opening, in which case His Majesty would drive down to the House of Lords attended only by an escort.

Apart from the expense of preparing the royal Palace for the reception of the King and his suite, it is believed that there are other considerations which would make a State opening at the present time inopportune.

The last occasion upon which the King opened Parliament in person was in November, 1914, the commencement of the session which has just closed.

When both Houses of Parliament reassemble in a fortnight's time it is expected that the same course will be followed as was the case when Parliament was last opened in November, 1914. On that occasion the Address in reply to the speech from the Throne was voted without a division in the House of Lords on the same evening and in the Lower Chamber on the day following.

It was intimated that only such legislation as was necessary for the prosecution of the war would be introduced.

As soon as possible, therefore, after the meeting on February 15, Parliament will be asked to devote its attention to finance, in view of the early termination of the financial year, and the necessity for the introduction of fresh financial proposals for the carrying on of the war.

BEATTIE BEATS FARRELL.

Eddie Beattie, of Glasgow, proved far too fast and too strong for Willie Farrell in their bout of twenty rounds at the National Sporting Club last night and won easily on points.

The contest was an eliminating bout to decide which of the twain should meet Sergeant Basher, the holder of the welter-weight London belt, and at the start Farrell was a strong favourite, 7 to 4, and then 6 to 4 being laid on his chances.

But he was always outpointed by a stronger man, and it says much for Farrell's gameness that he took such a heavy grueling and continued for the full twenty rounds.

It was a more interesting contest to watch than to write about. All through Beattie forced the pace, and he played a merry tattoo on Farrell's ribs throughout. He would lead for the jaw and then smash right and left to the body, and after a time Farrell could not keep him out.

At the start it seemed as if Farrell were trying to find out the strength of his man, but as the bout progressed it was apparent he had met his master. He tried a big spurt in the sixth and seventh rounds, and perhaps won them, but Beattie was always able to keep him going at the fastest pace he could muster.

Long before the end Farrell was badly puffed about the eyes, and his ribs were sore, but he always kept on trying, and every now and then would steady the Scot with a heavy right hook or a good straight left punch.

Barring the sixth and seventh rounds, Beattie always won the points, and always by rubbing his man. His strength is enormous and his stamina is big, the champion will be eagerly awaited.

P. J. M.

Mr. A. Barker, 56, Monkton-street, Kennington, S.E., would be glad to receive any news of his son, Private S. Barker, No. 20925, a bomb-thrower in the 4th Battalion Grenadier Guards, reported wounded and missing since September 29.

ALCOHOL AND DRUG HABIT.

A Genuine Home Cure.

The Hutton-Dixon Vegetable Antidote is endorsed and patronised by doctors and clergymen of every denomination, and is warranted to contain no narcotics, quinine, or similar drugs. Immediate results are—calm, refreshing sleep, steady nerves, clear brain, and permanent removal of all desire or need for any kind of alcoholic drink or narcotics in either sex. No publicity, no hypodermic injections, no loss of time from business, no gold or other minerals, and a certainty of cure. Particulars in confidence. Address Mr. D. A. Hutton-Dixon, The Normyl Treatment Association, 91, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

ACTOR AND WIFE.

Story of Differences in Maintenance Claim Against Mr. L. Brough.

SEQUEL TO DIVORCE DECREE.

Mr. Lawrence Brough, the well-known actor, was a defendant yesterday at Westminster County Court. His wife, Mrs. Kate Brough, claimed from him £100, arrears of maintenance.

Her counsel, Mr. H. W. Liversidge, said that there had been two agreements. In 1907 they were on tour with Mr. Brough's company in Manchester, and Mrs. Brough complained of her husband's conduct with other members of the company.

They had arranged to leave Manchester on Sunday morning, and while in the train a dispute took place between her husband and herself.

He told her that she should not proceed with the company, and he eventually got her out of the carriage. When the train started he jumped in and left her on the platform, where she had to wait four hours for a train to take her to her parents' home at Nottingham.

For some weeks Mrs. Brough lived with her parents, and later an agreement was arrived at

THE FUNNIEST BOOK OF THE YEAR

is "Daily Mirror Reflections in War-time," Volume IX, of Mr. Haselden's cartoons, which is on sale everywhere. It contains over 100 cartoons, including the "Miss Flapperton" and "The Willies" series. Price 6d. net from booksellers and newsagents, or post free 8d. from the Publisher, Daily Mirror Office, Boulevard-street, E.C.

by which her husband undertook to pay her 50s. a week, she agreeing not to pledge his credit for necessities.

Counsel read a number of letters from Mr. Brough, most of them written from the Eccentric Club. In one he wrote:—

"It is certain we shall never come together again, and from your letters it is clear you have formed some attachment elsewhere. I am desirous of going to America, and as I may be away some time it would be well to have the matter ended as soon as possible."

The plaintiff, in the witness-box, said that in 1913 her husband suggested that she should divorce him. When she obtained her divorce decree she also obtained an order for alimony.

Nothing had since been paid to her, except under a threat of proceedings.

Defendant, in the witness-box, said that it was at Google, in October, 1908, that his wife declared her intention of going home and not returning to him. He tried to dissuade her, but she persisted in her determination. He had never agreed to pay her any fixed sum.

The hearing was adjourned.

WOMEN CAN SERVE ON TRIBUNALS.

Replying to points raised in connection with the local tribunals, the Home Government Viscount said that there is no rule prohibiting women from acting as members.

A general view is expressed that men of military age should not be members unless they have attested or are physically unfit.

YESTERDAY'S BOXING.

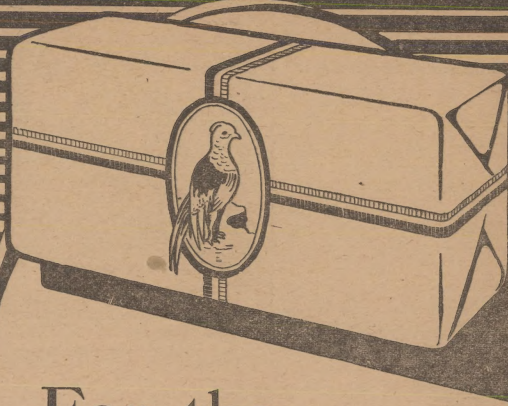
There was a disappointing finish to the fifteen rounds contest between Fred Anderson and Rifleman Harry Wood at the Ring yesterday afternoon. Anderson being disqualified in the last round. In the twenty rounds contest George Clark beat Dickie Gains on points, after a splendid set-to.

At Houghton Harry Reeve made his first appearance since his tour in Australia, and knocked out Louis Verser (France) in the second round.

At Hoxton Baths Johnny Hughes beat Sid Shields on points in fifteen rounds.

Yesterday's scores in the billiards tournament held at 8,000 up were—Palmer (receives 1,250), 1,975; Smith (receives 500), 1,750.

A wonderfully complete record of the late W. G. Grace's career in the cricket field and a tribute to the "Grand Old Man" by Lord Harris are the chief features of Wisden's Almanac, which is published this season at 1s. 6d. net.



For the duration of the War, use PHEASANT MARGARINE

you will never go back to the other kinds after.

See the ½-lb. Packages with red, white, and blue riband and Pheasant seal.

PER LB. 1 PER LB.

Ask your Grocer.

HOW TO CLEANSE POISONS FROM THE LIVER.

WHAT EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW.

To feel perfectly fit, we must keep the liver clean, to prevent its sponge-like pores from clogging with indigestible material, sour bile and poisonous toxins.

If you get headaches, it's your liver. If you wake up with a bad taste, furred tongue, nasty breath, or your stomach becomes rancid, it's your liver. Sallow skin, muddy complexion denote liver uncleanness. Your liver is the most important, also the most abused and neglected, organ of the body. Few know its functions or how to release the dammed-up body waste, bile and toxins. Most people, so to speak, bombard the liver by taking purging drugs which leave the stomach and bowels in a weakened condition.

Every man or woman, sick or well, should at this time of the year take a Cazo tablet, followed by a drink of water, at bedtime, to cleanse the liver and bowels, and thus sweeten and freshen the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

A Cazo tablet will give you the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced. Cazo tones up the bowels and makes you feel fit. These little tablets are on sale at all chemists, and may also be obtained from the D. J. Little Co., 38, Hutton Garden, London, E.C., for 1s. 3d. post free.—(Advt.)

DON'T LOSE YOUR HAIR



Touch spots of dandruff and itching with

CUTICURA
Ointment and follow with hot shampoo of

CUTICURA SOAP

Absolutely nothing better. You may try them before you buy them.

Sample Each Free by Post
With 32-p. Skin Book. (Soap to cleanse and ointment to heal.) For samples address
F. Newbery & Sons, 27, Charlotte Street, London. Sold every-

CURE FOR CATARRH

Certain, Simple and Inexpensive.

TEST IT FREE.

To-day you are asked to prove the virtues of Nazalia free—to prove its wonderful power of continuously purifying and soothing the breathing organs.

So successful is this new method that it is being used in the Royal Household and by Doctors, Dentists, Chemists, and well-known ladies and gentlemen in every walk of life.

Use Nazalia at night, and your cure goes on through sleep. You awake free from phlegm, with nose, throat, and chest clear, sweet and clean.

Use Nazalia in the morning, and you can carry out your usual day's work without evidence of its presence, and yet it is keeping your breathing organs free from phlegm and protected against all outside influences.

For 20 years I have been trying to get rid of Nasal Catarrh," writes Mr. W. F. Constable, of Colwyn Bay, "and I have been using Nazalia. I had in January, 1913, appears to have completely cured me, as I have not experienced the faintest touch of it since." Five thousand Free tests are now available. To obtain one simply send your name and address, with 2d. in stamps for postage, and your free supply will be sent by return. Write to-day to H. C. Payne, M.P.S., Manufacturing Chemist (Division 22), 78, Essex-rd., London, N.

Medical Formula for Common Ailments.

INDIGESTION, WEAK, IRRITABLE AND ACID STOMACH.

Here is a recipe for many years used in a celebrated Hospital for the successful treatment of the above complaints:

Hydrasin Resenoid, Powdered Rhubarb and Peppermint, Resin, Oil of Peppermint, and Bicarbonate.

It was found that this prescription relieved irritation, congestion of the mucous membranes, Flatulence and Acidity, stimulated the digestive fluids, relieved constipation, preventing fermentation and eructations, and as a mild laxative. I will prepare and send 50 tablets for 1s. 3d. or 144 for 3s.

H. C. Payne, Manufacturing Chemist (Division 22), 78, Essex-rd., London, N.

BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Everyone who suspects Kidney Trouble should take as required one or two pills made from this recipe:

Uva Ursi, Eri. Buchu, Oil Juniper, Venice Turpentine and Podophyllin, Nitrate of Potash.

Specialists find this combination removes backache, cold on the Kidneys, and prevents Bright's Disease, Gravel, and other painful Kidney diseases.

I will prepare 72 pills from this prescription and send to any address for 1s. 6d., or 144 for 2s. 6d. post free. H. C. Payne, Manufacturing Chemist (Division 22), 78, Essex-rd., London, N.

NERVE TONIC AND FLESH BUILDER.

Nervous, run-down men and women will find this recipe of purest and most valuable ingredients.

Sodium, Potassium, and Calcium Hypophosphites, Quinine Sulphate, Iron Phosphate, Hydrochloric Acid of Strychnine, Phosphoric Acid.

This makes an excellent Tonic, flesh builder, and Health Restorer. Those who wish to try this Medical Prescription may conveniently do so by sending P.O. 1s. 1d. for 36 Tablets or 3s. 6d. for 144.

H. C. Payne, M.P.S., Mfg. Chemist (Division 22), 78, Essex-rd., London, N.

Copy of Family Health Guide Free.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE and CO., Royal Seedsmen, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1916 Catalogue and Guide to all Gardeners, 200 pages, nearly 200 illustrations, free. If this paper is returned.

POTATOES Given Away—10s. 6d. worth of seeds for 2s. 6d. 1 pint Bushy-Long, 1 lb.; 1 pint G. F. L. Money-maker, 1 lb.; 1 pint King of Belgium, 2 lb.; all Marrow-leaved; 1 pint Beans 1/2 oz. Onion, 1/2 oz. Carrot, 1/2 oz. Turnip, 1/2 oz. Radish, 1/2 oz. Beetroot, 1/2 oz. Cress, and large packet of each of the following: Cauliflower, Broccoli, Savoy, B. Sprouts, Cabbage, Parsnip, Parsley, Lettuce, Tomato, Celery, Marrow, Cucumber, 6 cwt. of Flower Seeds for present sowing; also 1 packet of Fairy Sweet Peas, given gratis, 2 lb. Potatoes, Come-to-Stay, grand crop variety; the above collection, named, well packed, free on rail, per; all new seeds; seed and plant catalogue sent gratis. 2s. 6d. 1/2 Lettuce, Seed-grower, 139, Huddell, Suffolk.

4/-—MAD, EDWARD HERIOT "Daily Mail" Rose, Rayon d'Or, Court of Honour, Queen, Dachen, Wellington, Grace Darling, Mad. Second Velvet, Mrs. David McKee, Betty, Mrs. George Shawyer, King George, Admiral Dewey, now the 12 Roses as above, named, well packed, 4s. free on rail—G. F. Lett, Nurseryman, 139, Huddell, Suffolk.

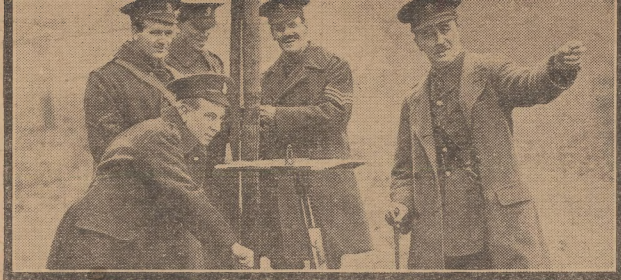
1/-—LOVELY Gladioli Collection, 1s. 6 America, 6 Brechelyensis, 6 Principia, 6 Bailey, 6 Peach Blossom, 6 Pink Beauty, 6 Gandavensis, 6 Admiral Togo—1 in all, 48 splendid flowering Bulbs, 1s., packed free on rail—G. F. Lett, Nurseryman, 139, Huddell, Suffolk.

FLATS WANTED. Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines. HAMPTSTEAD, Crickwood, or near—Flat Wanted, self-contained, 6 rooms, including Bath (b. and c.), garden, per; rent about £40 inclusive—Full particulars, No. Box 4066, "Daily Mirror," 25, Boulevard, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT. Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.

RT—How to make money if you are a clerk—see book, and stamp—A. Sommers, 114, New Oxford St. W.C.

Chemist—Beginner's Guide (free), everything Graham's, 235, Kennington-rd. 759 Box.



Lieutenant W. Lee Hankey, whose picture was much admired by Queen Alexandra when she visited the Artists' Rifles (O.T.C.) Art Exhibition in London, instructing his class in map reading and field sketching on Hampstead Heath yesterday.

SALES ECONOMIES.

Bargains Abundant in the Great London Shops.

PIANOS AND LINENS.

At the eleventh hour the sales at the London shops are still affording golden opportunities for buying at prices which may not again be possible.

Messrs. W. Whiteley, Ltd., Queen's-road, W., are holding a big sale of pianos—new, second-hand and returned from hire. In every case the reductions are remarkable.

A Brinsmead player piano, in a mahogany case, which has had only a few months' use, is reduced from 120 guineas to eighty-eight guineas. The piano sale catalogue will be sent post free. To-day, to-morrow and Thursday are the last three days of Messrs. Whiteley's sales, when all remnants, oddments and soiled goods left over in every department will be cleared at further reduced prices.

The thrifty housewife would do well to pay a visit to Messrs. H. Dobb, Westbourne-grove, W., for some remarkable bargains are now being offered during the sale in the linen department.

Strong folded sheets for single beds are marked at 5s. 11d. and 6s. 11d., and the same quality for double beds at 7s. 11d. and 8s. 11d. Plain sheets for single beds are at 6s. 11d., 7s. 11d., 8s. 11d., and 9s. 11d., and the same quality for double beds at 7s. 11d., 8s. 11d., 9s. 11d. and 10s. 11d.

Irish embroidered bedspreads for single beds are marked at 4s. 11d., and the same quality for double beds at 6s. 11d. Bleached damask supper cloths, 50 inches square, are 1s. 11d., and 58 inches square 2s. 11d. A very special bargain are the Irish embroidered linen top sheets for double beds bought at a discount of 25 per cent.

Women are discussing a splendid massage cream which is invaluable in these days of inclement winter weather. Alvina Creme is without a particle of impurity, and completely vanishes when applied to the skin, leaving neither stickiness nor shine behind.

It soothes, freshens, clears and preserves the complexion, and when used for massage smooths away lines and wrinkles. Alvina Creme can be procured for 1s. from any chemist or store, and users are invited to take advantage of an astounding offer of free books.

DEARER BREAD.

Cost of Flour, Labour and Transport Cause Addition of 1/4d.

PEOPLE WHO ASK "WHY?"

Bread is dearer. Yesterday London bakers added one halfpenny to the price of the loaf, for which 94d. was charged.

This makes an increase of fourpence on the price of the 4lb. loaf since August, 1914, when the war began.

In most parts of London the pre-war loaf cost 54d., from that figure it has risen steadily with one short check when it fell from 8d. to 8d. in June last, to its present figure, the highest of the war.

The reason assigned by the bakers for the increase is the rise in the cost of flour in addition to the increase in the cost of labour, transport and delivery.

The millers fall back upon the excuse that the difficulties of transit are so great and the cost of carriage has increased.

In the meanwhile the poor, for whom bread is such an important article of diet, have to pay to-day very nearly twice as much as they did eighteen months ago.

There is a good deal of dissatisfaction about the ever-rising cost of the loaf. People are asking why—since the British Fleet holds the seas, and there has been no shortage of the wheat crops of the world—bread should be so dear?

It is believed in shipping circles that the coming stringent limitation of imports will free a good number of ships for flour and wheat carrying. A drop in price is hoped for in the spring.

Canada alone has an abundant surplus of wheat; thirty million quarters was the enormous quantity at which it was placed a few days ago.

Experts say there is no need for the present very high price of the loaf and that the price must be reduced shortly.

BELGIAN EXECUTED BY HUNS.

AMSTERDAM, Jan. 31.—The *Telegraaf* learns that Paul Louis Mertens, living at Lier, near Antwerp, has been executed by the Germans for espionage.—Exchange.

MANSION POLISH

WOODEN PICTURE FRAMES

resume all their original brilliance and enhance the beauty of the pictures they surround, when cleaned by MANSION POLY, the Busy Bee. With her wonderful

MANSION POLISH,

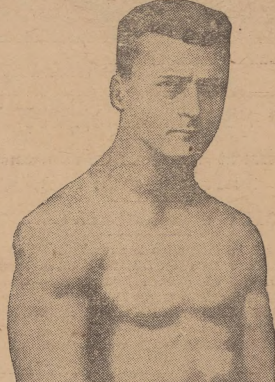
the superior Wax preparation, she imparts a rich, deep lustre to all polished woodwork, Linoleum, and Stained or Parquet Floors, leaving a hard, smooth surface which will not finger-mark, and which is entirely free from dust or dirt. You will find Mansion Poly a splendid help during these times of national economy, get your dealer to send her round to-day.

Of all Dealers, This 10 to 11, Chiswick, Follis Co., Ltd., Chiswick, W. Makers of Cherry Blossom Polish.



Remarkable Experience of F. Gagnon—Builds Up Weight Wonderfully.

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon "I had to quit work, I was so weak. Now—thanks to Sargol—I look like a new man. I gained 22lb. in 23 days." "Sargol has put 10lb. on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I eat, and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure. I am stronger than I have been in 20 years."



A Plump, Strong, Robust Body.

"Before I took Sargol people called me 'scraggy,' but now my name is changed. My whole figure is different, my face is plump and full, my body is stout. Have gained 15lb., and am gaining yet. I look like a new man," declared another gentleman who had just finished the Sargol treatment.

Would you, too, like to quickly put from 10 to 30lb. of good, solid, healthy "stay there" flesh and muscular tissue between your skin and bones and increase your strength in like proportion? Don't say it can't be done. Try it. A large trial box costing only 3s. can be had from Boots or any other first-class Chemist. It will last you over a week, and will do you more good than a month at the seaside.

More than half a million thin men and women have gladly made this test, and that Sargol does succeed, does make thin folks fat even where all else has failed, is best proved by the thousands of testimonials we are constantly receiving. No drastic diet, flesh creams, massage, oils or emulsions, but a simple, pleasant, harmless home treatment that will give you strength and build you up quickly and surely. If your chemist cannot supply you send direct to the Sargol Co., Dept. 35, Carlton House, Great Queen-street, London, W.C.

PAWNBROKERS' BARGAINS

Special, Supplementary List of this Month's Unredeemed Pledges Now Ready. SENT POST FREE, 5,000 SENSATIONAL BARGAINS. Don't Delay, Write at Once. IT WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS. Bargains in Watches, Jewellery, Plate, Musical Instruments, Clocks, etc. Illustrated Free List Now Ready. ALL GOODS SENT ON SEVEN DAYS' APPROVAL.

- 13/9 Baby's Long Clocks, magnificent parcel, 40 American Bells, etc., the perfection of a mother's personal work, never before offered, 13/9.
- 15/9 Real Russian Furs, very elegant rich dark sable lined, beautifully trimmed tails and heads, large Muff matching together, worth £21; sacrifice, 15/9; approval before payment.
- 25/6 Most elegant Black Fox Stained Princess Sable. (Gant's famous Double Curb Alberts, etc. Gold chain, etc., 21/9; worth £25; approval before payment.
- 59/6 Lady's real Connemara Musquash Seal Coat, model; originally £12; reduced to £2/10; approval willingly.
- 13/6 Gant's best Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunt Watch, improved action, 10 years' warranty, perfect timekeeper; also Josiah Curb Albert, same quality; handsome Gant's attaché, indistinguishable from new; week's free trial; complete, sacrifice, 13/6; approval before payment.
- 12/6 Gant's famous Double Curb Alberts, etc. Gold chain, etc., 12/6; heavy solid links; 12/6; approval.
- 14/6 Lady's choice Best Gold-cased Keyless Lever Hunting Watch Bracelet will fit any wrist; perfect timekeeper; 10 years' warranty; worth £18; free trial 14/6.
- 25/6 Lady's Solid Gold English Hall-marked Keyless watch's free trial; originally £25; reduced to £10/6; approval.
- 22/6 Superior quality Blankets; magnificent parcel, containing 9 exceptionally choice and large size Blankets; worth £24; sacrifice, £12/6; approval before payment.
- 14/9 Colour Furs; long Granville Sable, trimmed tails and heads, and large Muff to match; worth £25; reduced to 14/9; approval willingly before payment.
- 3/9 Lady's 18. Solid Gold Marquise Ring, set out with lovely Persian pearls and turquoise; 3/9; approval.
- 9/9 (Worth £11/6). Fair full size Blankets, exceptionally choice, superior quality; sacrifice, 9/9; approval.
- 8/6 Massive Curb Chain Padlock Bracelet, with safety chain; solid links, 18. Gold stamped links; 8/6; free case; great sacrifice, 8/6; approval willingly before payment.
- 19/9 Lady's Troussart; 24 superior quality French dresses, Chemises, Knickers, Combinations, etc.; worth £24; sacrifice, 19/9; approval before payment.

DAVIS & Co. (Dept.) Pawnbrokers, 26 Denmark Hill, Camberwell, London.



London firemen in a new guise. They are wearing the gas masks with which they have just been supplied.

"HUNS' LAST BLUFF."

Neutral Observer Says the Germans Are Seeking Peace.

CANNOT HOLD GAINS.

Mr. John Reed, the war correspondent, who has returned to New York after a visit to the Russian, French, German, Turkish, Bulgarian and Serbian Armies, asserts in an article in the *New York World* that the Germans are making their last bluff.

Constantinople is of no value in itself, he writes; it can only be the stepping-stone to a much vaster project—an expedition against Egypt and the Suez Canal, or against India by way of Bagdad, or both.

But in the final estimate, where could Germany find the men to hold open the line from Hungary to Constantinople, keep a strong hold over European Turkey, and advance to Bagdad or to Egypt.

Where could Germany get these millions of men? She cannot withdraw troops from the western front, where every month sees the French and English grow in strength, organisation and power.

When I was in Constantinople the Turkish newspapers published about a column of "peace news" every day.

Every rumour of peace, every whisper of conciliation, was given the widest and most serious presentation.

All the news of Europe came through the German Embassy, and was controlled by it.

And now, in the middle of Germany's widest and most spectacular swing, when it seems to the layman as if the last thing Germany should desire was a settlement, Chancellor Von Bethmann-Hollweg announces that the German Empire will consider proposals from the Allies looking toward peace.

For the Germans know that a peace concluded now or in the next four months will be the best peace Germany can ever make. The burst of glory now taking place is Germany's last great bluff.

AWAY WITH TRUSSES.

Thousands Discard their Trusses Completely Cured.

All the important discoveries in connection with the Healing Art are not made by professional medical men. There are exceptions, and one of these is the truly wonderful discovery made by an astute and clever old Sea Captain—Captain Collings. After suffering himself for a great many years from a double rupture, which the doctors said was incurable, he decided, rather than give way to absolute despair, to devote all his time and energies to try to discover a cure for himself. After making all sorts of investigations, reading numerous works on rupture, etc., he made himself practically a rupture specialist without finding what he needed, until, quite by accident, he stumbled across the very thing he had been looking for so long, and not only was he able to completely cure himself with it, but his discovery was tested over and over again on all sorts of rupture cases, with the result that they also were absolutely cured, and the sufferers knew the joy once more of perfect health and the glorious freedom of going about without a truss. Possibly you may have read about this wonderful cure in the newspapers. If you have, or if you have not, you will be glad to learn that Captain Collings offers to send to every sufferer from rupture full particulars of his marvellous discovery free of charge, so that they can cure themselves as he was cured, and as hundreds of others have been cured.

The nature of this wonderful cure is so simple that it is effected without pain or inconvenience. The ordinary occupations of life can be followed whilst it is acting, and it completely cures, and merely relieves—so that trusses or appliances are no longer needed, the risk of surgical operations is abolished, and the affected part becomes as sound and as strong as ever it was before.

Arrangements have been made so that all readers suffering from rupture will be supplied with full particulars and a test of this invaluable discovery without cost, and it is to be hoped that all who need it will avail themselves of this generous offer. Simply write to Capt. W. A. COLLINGS and SONS (Box 2223), 32, Theobald's Road, London, W.C., and a free test will reach you promptly, so that you can at once begin your cure.—(Advt.)

SHELL WOMEN.

Fisher Girls Leave Sea to Work in Munition Factory.

109,000 DOING MEN'S WORK.

"With women lies the solution of the labour difficulty, and with that solution victory becomes assured."

Thus writes the special correspondent of the Press Association, who, in a tour of munition shops, has just been shown how the winning of the war is to be expedited in the workshops.

One factory in Yorkshire has been largely staffed by fisher-girls imported from an East Coast town badly hit by the war.

Those who have seen such shops at work, particularly those who supervise the women, speak with ungrudging enthusiasm of the success of every experiment.

Women's services have already been utilised upon a scale undreamed of less than twelve months ago.

There have been notified to the Board of Trade Statistical Department no fewer than 109,000 cases of women having replaced men in various parts of the country, and it is known that this number falls very far short of the actual total.

Some slight impression of the extent to which it is hoped to bring women into factories may be gained from the statement of a Labour Exchange manager in a populous London district.

He states that his present commitments in regard to labour would enable him to place in munition factories in that district alone every woman, married and unmarried, occupied and unemployed, at present living in the area.

PRIZE COURT IN JUDGE'S BEDROOM.

The unusual event of a Judge of the High Court administering justice from an armchair in his bedroom took place yesterday when Sir Samuel Evans, the President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, held a sitting of the Prize Court at his town residence, 11, Lancaster-gate, W.

It was only the second occasion on which he had been up since a bad attack of pleurisy supervened upon the serious accident which he met with early last December, when he was knocked down by a passing motor-omnibus.

Clad in a dressing-gown and looking remarkably well, Sir Samuel Evans received the members of the Bar and solicitors present with a smile.

He disposed of the business before him with his accustomed rapidity, and expressed the hope that he would soon be back at the Law Courts.

GERMAN'S MUSIC TO AID ESCAPE.

Daring attempts to escape by two German officers at Philbersdorf, Liechtenstein—Lieutenant Otto Thelen (Flying Corps) and Lieutenant Hans Keillrack (Navy)—were investigated yesterday at a military court at Holzpfort Prison.

Both officers had been previously convicted for attempting to escape from Donnington Hall by tunnelling eighty yards. The prosecution stated yesterday that on January 17 found boards of a bathroom at the camp were found taken up and excavation work was in hand. In the hole were found candles, a spade and iron bars.

Accused were afterwards removed to a hut. Some days later, having suspicions, the adjutant entered and found one of the prisoners underneath the bed sawing the floor and the other playing a mouth-organ to deaden the sound of the work. The hearing was adjourned.

KAISER'S PROPHECY OF BLOOD.

GENEVA, Jan. 31.—Replying to the congratulations of the King of Bavaria on the occasion of his birthday, the Kaiser has telegraphed to the monarch declaring that "the final issue of the bloodiest battle that the people have ever known may be looked forward to with confidence."

The telegram concludes with the statement that Germany must be ready to fight for her existence, her honour and her liberty.—Central News.



Your Sick Child is Constipated! Look at Tongue.

Hurry, Mother! Remove poisons from little stomach, liver and bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look, Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups printed on each bottle.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS

"NATURE'S PLEASANT LAXATIVE"

Ask your chemist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs"; then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup. "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all leading Chemists at 1/3 and 2/- a bottle.

Cadbury's
Cocoa
"ABSOLUTELY PURE,
THEREFORE BEST."
7½d. per ¼-lb."

Our New Serial Is a Big Success.

Begin it on * *
* * Page 11.

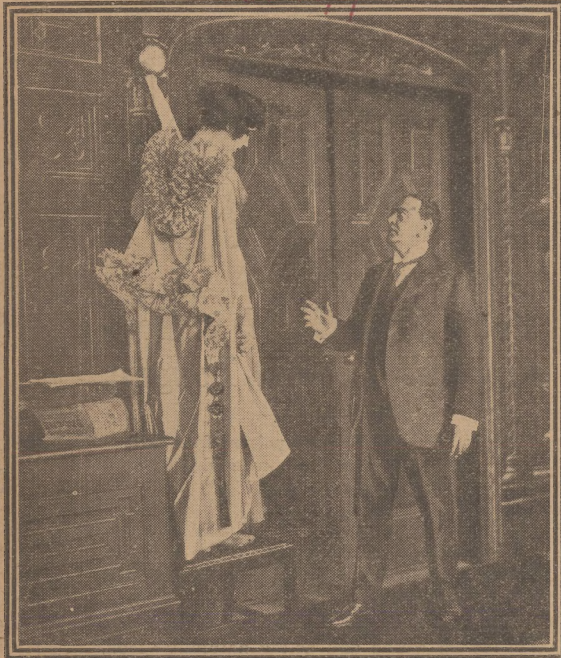
The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN ANY OTHER PICTURE PAPER IN THE WORLD

* A Great *
Piece of Fiction.

"MRS. PRETTY AND THE PREMIER."

S.P. 12719.



Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Kyrle Bellew, who play titular rôles.

S.P. 12719.



A suffragette echo. Miss Molly Terraine and Mr. Hartford.

S.P. 12719.



Mrs. Pretty, after much angling, gets that kiss at last.

War has a tendency to make all amusements begin earlier, and the curtain rises at 7.30 on "Mrs. Pretty and the Premier." It was produced at His Majesty's Theatre last night.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

AN OPEN-AIR ENTERTAINMENT.

G. 11916.



Little Italian children, who appeared with great success in "Where the Rainbow Ends" at the Garrick Theatre, dancing for wounded soldiers.

THE BRIDGE BUILDERS OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

G. 11910 J.



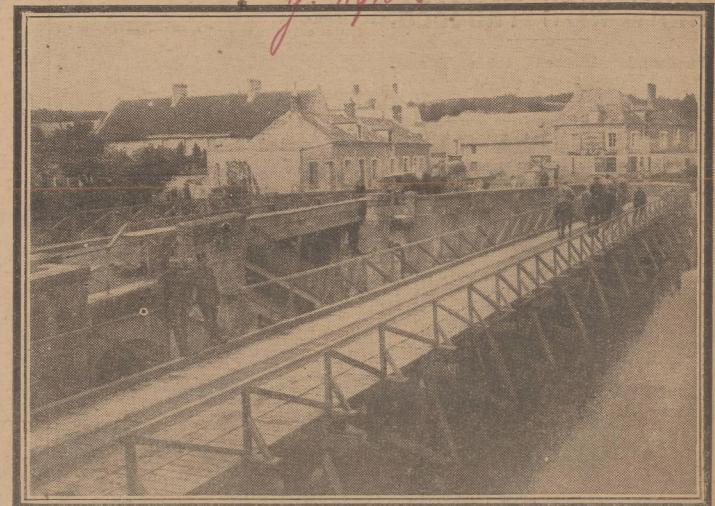
The first stage. Soldiers bringing down a tree in a wood.

G. 11910 J.



The timber is then conveyed to its destination in motor-vans—

G. 11910 J.



—And before long a new bridge is built beside the old one.

These photographs, which were taken in the Marne district, illustrate the skill of the French military engineers. They work at an extraordinary pace, and this bridge did not take long to build.—(French War Office photographs.)